The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Vol. XXV APRIL, 1938 No. 4

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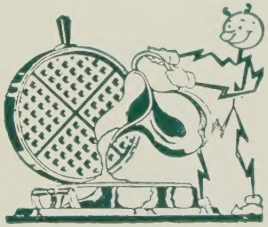

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXV APRIL, 1938 No. 4

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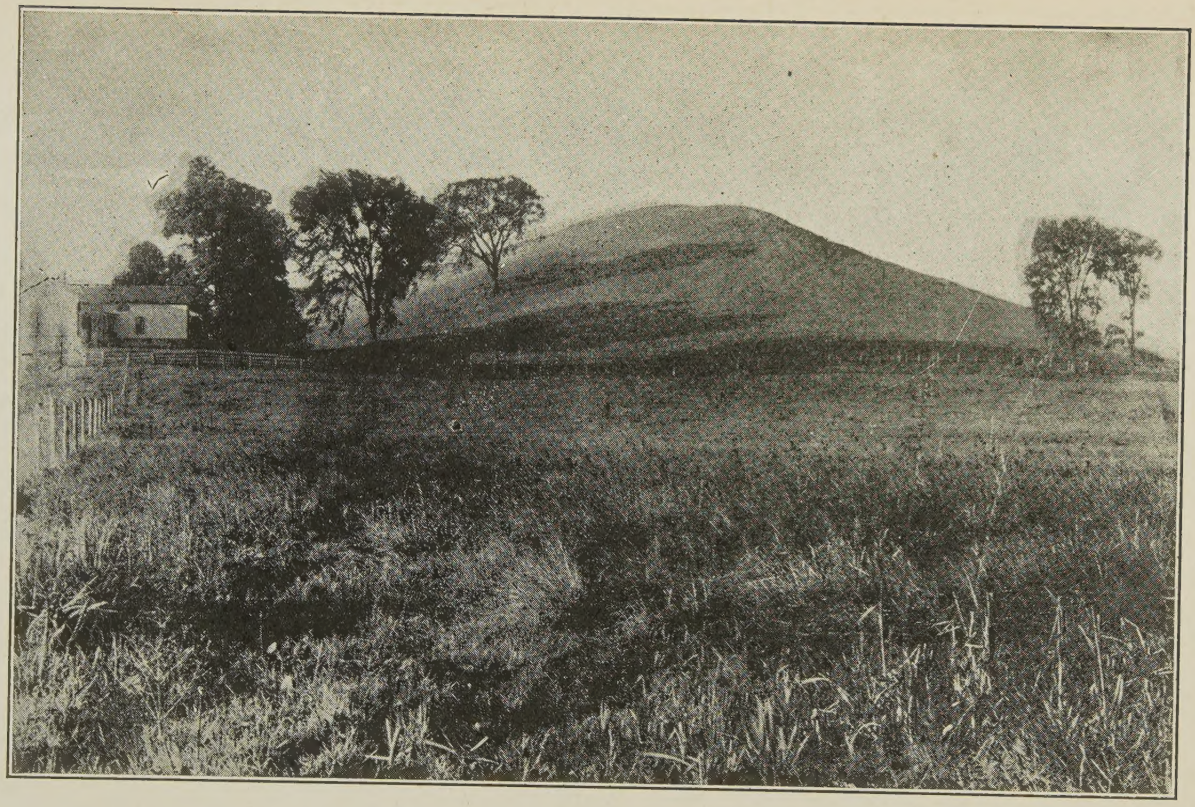
CUMORAH SPEAKS

By Roxana F. Hase

In pristine beauty once I stood
And watched a happy brotherhood
Of men build cities near my base;
I did not dream wars could efface
The beauty there, but I was wrong,
War wrecked it all and stilled the song
Of that vast horde; home fires died out,
The air was rent with battle shout
And as they fought upon my brow
Men were cut down as though a plough
As mighty as the very earth
Had caught them all and left but dearth
Until but two, both Captains tall,
Did battle; and the rise and fall
Of every blow was like a knell,
"You shall not live this tale to tell!"
I reeked with carrion, buzzards flew
Above the scene, the bones to strew
In wild confusion; glad was I
When torrid Summer bleached them dry.
I stood and heard the fervent prayer
Of one good man who lingered there,
Who had been hid to wait the hour
These men should lose their earthly power.
And oh, so sorrowfully he came
To look upon the nation's shame;
Then reverently he made a place
To hide the history of that race
Of chosen seed, that men might know
That tragedy of long ago.
Through panoramas of the years
Since I was bathed in blood and tears
I have kept faith; I knew some day
A prophet true would come this way
And with his coming, once again
This holy book be given men.
Oh, glad was I that I could be
The harbor of its destiny.
Today, though still an obscure hill,
My breast has known the throb and thrill
Of feet of many gathered round
Who count me now as sacred ground;
Angel and prophet I have known,
Their voices heard in ages flown.
In these new cities built by men
May war gods never strike again,
And may I be of service still.
I too, love God, though just a hill.



THE HILL CUMORAH, PALMYRA, N. Y.

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXV APRIL, 1938 No. 4

The Philosophy of Faith

By Elder Stephen L. Richards

BEFORE discussing the acquisition and retention of the philosophy of faith, I should like to mention some of its attributes, or more specifically the characteristics with which it invests those who subscribe to it. In the first place, in direct contrast to the philosophy of self-sufficiency, which is the philosophy of the world, faith brings to a man humility—not *servility,* but a modest, unpretentious, submissive attitude which makes him conscious of and amenable to powers and forces higher and more potential than himself. There is in my estimation no good reason why this philosophy of humility and faith should in any way detract from man's intelligence.

The recognition of power higher than man himself does not in any sense debase him. If in his faith he ascribes beneficence and high purpose to the power which is superior to himself he envisions a higher destiny and nobler attributes for his kind and is stimulated and encouraged in the struggle of existence. He has confidence in the justice of eternal and unchanging law, which is not subject to the caprice and fitful will of men. So to the rich or poor, the high or lowly, the successful and those who fail, the philosophy of faith brings stability, poise, composure, hope, and enduring satisfaction. It is a vital and priceless acquisition. It is not always easy to attain.

WHAT are the ways of securing faith? I admit that difficulties are to be encountered because a man cannot really know what faith is until he has experienced it, nor can he really experience it without recognizing it for what it is.

Now I propose as an important first step in acquiring faith, particularly by those of little maturity in the thinking process, a recognition of the difference between the realm of faith and spirit on the one hand, and mind and matter on the other. It is always desirable, I believe, to bear in mind this distinction. It is particularly important to those of limited years or experience, who may be having some difficulty in their thinking, in making certain adjustments and reconciliations.

Let me cite an example: A young man raised in a household of faith has always been taught to pray. He has assumed and felt, probably without much thinking about it, that there is a superior power to hear and answer his prayers. This young man goes to college. Among his studies he perhaps pursues some of the sciences. One day, perhaps in a purely casual way, someone asks him, "Do you pray?" It may be a

classmate, or even a teacher. "Why certainly," he replies. "Why shouldn't I?" "To whom do you pray?" is the next question. "Why, to God, of course." "Where is your God? What is He like? Have you ever seen Him? How do you know He exists?" Well, these questions he can not so easily answer. He pauses for reply, and in that pause an avalanche of new thoughts and novel sensations almost overwhelm him, and very likely in real confusion this young man says to himself, "How do I know? What do I really know?"

In his study of the sciences he has learned something of the scientific process. He knows that everything must be demonstrated before conclusions can legitimately be reached, and he knows that the demonstrations required are those that are tangible and susceptible of very definite and positive human proof. He has had an introduction into the realm of reason, and for the moment at least the methods of that realm dominate his intelligence and his senses. How fortunate is this young man, if, after the first rush of those perplexing thoughts, it occurs to him that there is a wide difference between the province of science and reason on the one hand and that of the spiritual and feeling on the other. Now, fully aware of this difference, he replies to his inquisitors, "Why yes, I know that God lives. I do not know where He is, I have never seen him, but I am perfectly satisfied that He exists, and this I know through my faith. I don't ask for the same kind of proof and demonstration that are required in the sciences. I am not dealing with similar matters. My faith is a matter of feeling and inward conviction. I know that there is a divine world as well as I know that I love my mother. These are matters of feeling. My soul is satisfied. That is all I ask."

Now I would not have you think that the young man of my illustration could not have brought to the support of his conviction many persuasive and convincing arguments. He might have asked his inquirers to account for the universe with its illimitable manifestations of law and order without the dominance of a master mind. He might have brought to his aid the records of sacred and profane history, the universal prevalence of the idea of Deity among all nations and people, the incomparable achievements of mankind as distinguished from all other forms of animal life, and many other pertinent things.

As for the next step in the acquisition of faith and testimony, the fanciful critic or any other like him can find out, if he will, whether or not the testimony is true. This way may seem paradoxical. It is this: one may secure faith by doing the things that he would do and being the kind of a person that he would be if he *had* faith. In other words, he must repose enough confidence at the beginning of his inquiry in spiritual realities to enable him in faith to undertake spiritual exercise and endeavor. It is not enough that he try merely the form of spiritual exercise as an experiment. He must be truly humble. He will have to forsake the philosophy of self-sufficiency. He must seek believing, praying, and hoping that he will find. No such sincere, prayerful effort will go unrequited—that is the very constitution of the philosophy of faith.

Spiritual exercise may be of either a public or private nature. All open participation in religious and Church activities is calculated to strengthen spiritual powers. Such participation is highly desirable and not infre-

quently is it regarded as the chief factor in the culmination of a firm testimony. It is, however, with reference to private spiritual exercise that I feel a very deep concern. Thinking processes in all institutions of higher learning, frequently undergo very radical changes, not always because professors or instructors intentionally promote such changes, but because the exposure of the mind to new concepts, new principles and methods very frequently brings reactions and complexes that are altogether unbidden by either student or teacher. I know that this is true because I have had such experiences myself.

SOMETIMES thoughts are like unruly children—difficult to control. I have persuaded myself, however, that they can be disciplined, and often they must be if we are to preserve our faith. Let me illustrate again with a fanciful character. He may be a student or even a professor, because, after all, good professors are always students. This academic man begins to ponder. He has studied and he has done a good deal of scientific thinking. He comes on to a number of perplexing questions with apparent incompatibility between his former conceptions of faith and the new things which he learns. What about the age of the earth? Was Adam really the first man? In the light of what he has learned can he still believe in the miracles as reported in the scriptures, and coming down to later days, can the story of the Prophet Joseph Smith be true? Was he really visited by heavenly beings? Did he translate the Book of Mormon by the power of the Lord? Was the holy Priesthood actually bestowed by divine messengers?

It is while he is contemplating such things, even though he is loath to let go of his once simple faith, that his thoughts spring up unbidden, almost belligerently, to fight down his erstwhile convictions. They heckle him and they challenge him. "What do you know? How much proof have you?" they say. "Why don't you acknowledge, in the face of what you have learned, that you have been the victim of a delusion?" And he says to himself in answer to these taunts, "I do want to be intellectually honest; I want to be true to myself."

Now here is where I want to break into this conversation with himself. I want to ask this scholar who has a *thinking* complex of the kind which I have mentioned, this question, when he says, "I want to be true to myself:" "What part of yourself is it to which you want to be true? Is it your spiritual self or this new man of science? Is it that fellow who was yourself throughout your boyhood and your youth; whom your mother and father nurtured so carefully and loved so much; who was so confident in the goodness of things and so happy in his confidence; whose pure faith held such high promise for his people and those who loved him?" Now if this is the part of yourself to whom you wish to be true, I think I can tell you what to do. Just say to those skeptical, disturbing, rebellious thoughts, "I propose to stay with my faith, with the faith of my people. I know that happiness and contentment are there, and I forbid you, agnostic, doubting thoughts, to destroy the house of my faith. I acknowledge that I do not understand the processes of creation, but I accept the fact of it. I grant that I cannot explain the miracles of the Bible and I do not attempt to do so, but I accept God's word. I wasn't with Joseph, but I believe him. My faith did not come to me through science and I will not

permit science to destroy it. When I change my mind about God and His work, only the inspiration of God will change it."

You may think all this evasive. I urge you to try it before deciding. I am proud of science and reason and their marvelous development as I think I should be. I love education. It is the promise of universal peace and progress. In the presence of a master mind, penetrating, logical, and luminous, I stand with admiration that almost approaches reverence. I want to think, I want everyone to think, for thinking is the better part of study. I believe, however, our thoughts may be disciplined without stultification of our intelligences and with infinite peace and happiness to ourselves.

IN conclusion, I issue another caution with a promise. I believe that an observance of it will be more potential than anything I have mentioned in the preservation of your faith. It is this: Never depart from the teachings of the Church; keep every commandment—do not be persuaded that you can violate any one with impunity; honor God—and I promise you, you will never lose your faith in Him.—*Reprint from Millennial Star.*

UNSEALED

By Della Adams Leitner

The women came at sunrise to the tomb,
Bearing a last love-offering to Him,
Sweet spices for his burial. The gloom
Of night was past but oh their eyes were dim.

They neared the place with hearts distressed and torn,
"For who will roll away the stone for us?" they said.
"Its mass and weight our puny strength would scorn,
And keep us from our dear beloved dead."

But yet they kept on bravely through the dawn
To bring oblations, striving doubts to still.
O Faith that will not yield but presses on,
Your power unseen God's miracles fulfill.

And when they looked the stone was rolled away.
Grief-stricken hearts all down the passing years
Have found the dreaded stone of their dismay
Removed by faith that falters not at fears.

Those Deceptive Days

By Harrison R. Merrill

WHO is there among us who has not sprung from bed on some glorious morning and shouted to the listening world: "This is the day! I am an armed knight; this day I shall joust for the things I love. This day shall I achieve!" And how many of us have not, at least upon some evenings, crept back into our sheets knowing that we have been beguiled into allowing another golden span of life pass without carrying out that determination?

Ralph Waldo Emerson evidently during his lifetime had such experiences, for among the gems which he left us is there not a little jewel called "Days?" I shall quote it:

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Before I press forward with my theme I should like to say that the poet's lines present some intriguing pictures. There is that line "muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes, and marching single in an endless file."

What a "file" a man or woman of sixty or seventy or eighty has seen! A pageant of white-robed, half-veiled figures extending from 1878, 1868, or 1858 to the present time—21,900 or 25,550, or 29,200 Days—in a seemingly endless row. And each with its diadem or fagot in Her hand ready to bestow a blessing or a curse. Every man of sixty has been given 21,900 opportunities to achieve, not counting the extra days for leap years.

"To each"—these Days—"offered gifts after his will, bread, kingdoms, stars, and even the sky that holds them all." Many of us find the Days too laden with good things. We snatch at this and that as they pass and come to the close of a long life rather empty-handed. Many actually, after all of their chances, have so many worthless and worse than worthless commodities in their possession that we wonder if they are wealthier or poorer than when they began their selections.

Emerson's closing lines are poignant. He says "I, in my pleached garden (blossom-woven, flower-bedecked, perfumed) watched the pomp"—those lovely, golden, soothing, deceptive Days—"forgot my morning wishes." And how very easy that is, especially on a pleasant day. That probably accounts for the fact that the world's great achievements have been made in the temperate zones where not all of the Days are so seductive. The Day, being about to leave, says Emerson "I . . . hastily took a few herbs and

apples"—a sort of snatch-grab at sunset—"and the Day turned and departed silent." She said not a word; she couldn't, being dumb. But he continues, "I, too late, under her solemn fillet (coquettish and lacy cap) saw the scorn."

There was the Day, ready to bestow "bread, kingdoms, stars, and even the sky that holds them all"—and he took a few herbs and apples. No wonder her lips curled with scorn! He, whose morning wishes had swept the stars, became so enamored of the Day that he forgot those great things he planned to do and wasted his opportunity upon comparatively worthless things.

IT seems that most of us lack vision or long view. We are so nearsighted that we cannot see beyond the Day which stands silent before us. The things we choose from each Day's store too often are not related to the ones we took yesterday or the ones we shall take tomorrow. We come at the end of a long procession of Days, after each has left her Gifts, and find that we have a heterogenous mass of material, unrelated, often in its isolation worthless or even worse than worthless.

The other day I read a story of Frank A. Munsey, the publisher. It seems that a generation ago he went down to New York City to see the world's fair. In one place a huge new newspaper press had been set up to make known to the visitors what the new press would do. Munsey, a callow youth, stood watching the marvel run. He saw the papers in thousands turned from the great perfecting machine, ready to be distributed to the readers. He stood there a moment, and I fancy he got a long view. He saw that magnificent procession of Days bearing down upon him. In the confidence of youth, he turned to a companion and said: "Some day I am going to own that paper."

Now it chanced that the paper of which he spoke was one of the great New York dailies, worth a mint of money, especially did it seem so at that time and Munsey had less than ten dollars.

Now you might say that he had merely voiced a youthful wish. Not so. He made a prophecy, for his wish came true.

How did he do it? I don't know exactly, but I fancy he did something like this: He said to himself, "Now how shall I go about getting hold of that paper?" He knew of that procession of Days with gifts in their hands. He must have begun that very next morning thinking of the things he must do in order to become the editor or owner of a great paper.

When that next Day presented Herself before him with gifts in Her hands, he must have looked them over rather carefully. He probably passed by the glistening baubles which gleamed brightly in the sunlight. He must have dug down to those solid, worthwhile things which could be used in building a career. The Day must have smiled hopefully as She turned away, for here was one who was discriminating. On the next Day, he no doubt selected from among the gifts those that would add meaning to his already accumulating store.

I haven't looked the matter up to see how many Days brought their gifts to this lad, before his dream had come true. There was probably quite a procession.

Success stories like that of Munsey's could be multiplied indefinitely. All of them teach the one important lesson that purpose is the string upon which we must thread the gifts which the Days bring us. Without that unifying purpose, the

materials we gather may be comparatively worthless when it comes to building a life structure we call great. Many a person has begun upon an Edifice, has selected wisely for a few days, but has lacked the stamina to keep up his selection. The deceptive Days offer so many tempting things, and man is so short-sighted, that many a person with nearly all the qualities of greatness in him has fallen short.

I suppose the Master was thinking of this daily offering from the Days when He told that story of the talents. That chap with the one talent was a moron. He had no continuity in his thinking or his selection. That chap with five had purpose. He looked at his wares on hand and said to himself: "Now, there will be a procession of Days along here with gifts for me. What am I to select that will add to my store?" That was a wise act. Wise acts usually bring their reward.

THIS article, however, is not intended to be discouraging. Many of us have difficulty in dreaming fine dreams. Greatness seems so remote that we sense our futility. We must remember, when such hours come, that the Master seemed to think that the contributions of ordinary people, if they were sincere and progressive in their ideals, were worthwhile. The housewife in her own home and in the rearing of her children may find an important and enthralling life's work. We all know of Abraham Lincoln's tribute to his mother: "All that I am I owe to my angel mother." He immortalized Nancy Hanks, the unknown young woman who lived in the wild forest, because she made a contribution that has astonished the world. How genuine she must have been; how true to her ideals, to impress herself so firmly upon the life of her son before he was nine years old.

I wish we knew just what gifts Nancy Hanks accepted from those deceptive Days. Of course the Days which brought their gifts to her were not so laden with worthless baubles as our own, but there is no doubt that she had some choices and there seems to be no doubt that she chose well. The Master settled that with the simple question: "Do men gather figs from thistles, or grapes from thorns?"

Since Emerson wrote the poem I have quoted, the Days have certainly loaded up their baskets with tempting bits—movies, radios, bridge and autos, and more and finer foods and gaudy clothing and tinsel and show. Few things are bad in themselves, fortunately, they only become bad when they interfere with our serious selections. When one has the inspiration of the Lord upon him and is ready to achieve greatly, it is so easy to lose the moment by turning aside to the movie or by snapping on that ever-present and ever-inviting radio.

"Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes" the Days stand with their gifts held out. Each stays but her allotted time no matter what we choose. Like peanut and popcorn vendors, the Days distribute their wares and then move on to the "granary of the years."

THE point of this article then is that all of us know there is a procession of Days out there in the future loading the baskets for us. Just how many there are, we do not know, but we know they will be along one after the other so long as our life-sands run. It is the part of wisdom to know what we are going to take from them and then so to fortify our souls that when we have decided to take bricks we cannot be

deceived into taking baubles for Christmas trees or tinsel for show. We know that all of those Days will be distributors. They will leave something with us either for our good or for our harm.

If all our dreams and ambitions were like infants and if we could see their frail dead bodies as we abandon them one by one, the sight would blast our eyes.

Life is interesting. Fortunately, we can live every moment. We may not be remembered, but being remembered is not the purpose of existence. Being is the chief purpose—being as fully, as completely, as enjoyably as we can. Emerson again expressed it fairly well in the latter part of his exquisite little poem:

THE RHODORA

Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky.
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why wert thou there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me here, brought you.

BE assured, then, that the Days will offer you, my friend, many beautiful things. Take all you can hold successfully, but take with reason and purpose—not because some offering has tempted you.

I wish I could follow that advice myself. I cannot, of course, but perhaps I can make my choices from a hundred or a thousand Days look more or less consecutive—purposeful.

I trust you can do that also.

DIANA'S SHAWL

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Diana's hair is china white
Molded high to form a crown,
Graceful as the moon of night,
Head erect, she goes to town.

Diana's clothes are labor-bought,
Made while evening lamplight fell.
Queens and wealth have vainly sought
Clothes to look and hang as well.

Eleven times Diana went
Down that path where life is born.
Never was her spirit bent,
Never pride in self was torn.

Diana wears her shawl of years
Gracefully with shoulders high.
One with youth, she warms and cheers,
Gay of heart and glad of eye.

If I wear Diana's shawl
Knit of years as full and long,
Let my spirit walk as tall.
Lend my heart Diana's song.

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

Chapter One

YOU might as well save your breath, I'm not going."

I looked up at the rudely defiant girl and caught my words before they were spoken. What a change had come over her. Head up, eyes flashing, cheeks rouged by the intensity of her feelings, she became, on the instant, strikingly attractive. I could hardly believe that a moment before she had been a rather listless, ordinary looking girl. I had always suspected she was capable of a wealth of emotion but why, oh, why, was she so apologetic among people?

"That's the way she is," her harassed mother spoke bitterly, "She is always complaining of being without friends and of not being wanted but she won't try to get acquainted. When anyone asks her to go with them she won't."

Mrs. Richards was a widow who had her own living to make and Salle, her only daughter, instead of being a help was fast becoming a problem. That was why the mother had spoken to us about her.

"It's too bad she can't fit in with the Mutual crowd," Rhoda Blomquist, my second counselor, said tactlessly, "My girls have a grand time."

Salle condescended to cover us with a withering glance.

"Why shouldn't they? Mutuals are for their kind. They have clothes and position and backing. They live in the right part of town. I don't and I am not going where people remind me of it."

"If she would stay away from that awful Mrs. Grow," the mother began, but Salle turned to her.

"Don't you say a word about her." Then to us, "Of course, women like you would know all about it." Head high she swept abruptly from the room, banging the door behind her.

Again I caught my breath. This time on a vision of understanding. The girl was being hurt by something and how else could she hide her bruised feeling except behind a wall? Walls could hide many things. How well I knew. Then I heard Mary Grosbeck, my first counselor, ask, "Doesn't she go out at all?"

"Oh, yes," for a moment the mother struggled with her emotions. "She is running with Nedra Williams and that Mrs. Grow. You heard how she defended her a moment ago."

At the mention of that woman's name I felt my face go scarlet. I rose hastily.

"I think we had better go." I did not like this semi-public discussion of a problem that needed so much tact. True, we were the Relief Society presidency but that meant less than nothing to Salle. Likely she would never forgive her mother for telling us about her. To Mrs. Richards I added, "I would say as little as possible about it to avoid antagonizing her. But any time you think I can help don't hesitate to ask me. I'll talk to the Mutual people. They might be able to get her interested."

When we were on the sidewalk Rhoda Blomquist said, "If you ask me, I think all that is wrong

with Salle is the knowledge that Kent Evans will be home from his mission soon and find she isn't the girl she once was."

"That was a very unkind thing to say," Mary rebuked her sharply and my heart warmed with her defense. "Salle is a girl of great possibilities but very proud and sensitive; but she is being warped emotionally by circumstances. Your girl or mine might do worse."

WHEN six weeks before, our Bishop had asked me to be President of our Relief Society my first reaction was one of incredulity. I, Dona Maylord, president of such an organization? In comparison with some other women who might have been asked I was almost an infant in experience and age. The more I thought of it the more incapable I felt but with that ran a bright thread of joy that he had considered me worthy to be asked. I would love the work. I had had some training in sociology and loved to work with people, especially underprivileged ones.

"I am choosing you because you assume responsibility understandingly," Bishop had said to me. "I have always thought our Relief Society could do more progressive work. You have vision to see and courage to materialize your vision. The work is waiting for you."

That was a big order; but if I did not have those qualities, I had one other that would help me through. It was, Tim often said teasingly, that I did not know enough to give up after I had tackled a problem.

This day we were visiting the ward in preparation for the opening of the season's work. I felt that to do good work I must know the personnel of the ward as they were in their own homes. Only then would I be able to see their problems as they saw them.

AT the second stop from the Richards home we found ourselves facing a small dilapidated house with broken screens and windows and a littered dirt yard. When the door opened to our knock we had to step over an accumulation of toys, old shoes, dirty clothes and dirtier babies to get inside. With suds-soaked hands our hostess cleared three chairs of doubtful dependability, at the same time talking rapidly.

"Sit down, all of you. Don't be afraid of the chairs. I'll sit here on this old couch. You'll have to excuse this mess but you know how it is when a buddy has so many babies and nothing to do with. The flies are nearly to run us out. I have been wanting to have the screens fixed all summer but the Husband don't get time to do nothing around home. Seems like it is more than a buddy can do to keep things straight. I tell the children they ought to be ashamed to live like this. My mother never allowed us to strew up her sitting room this way, but I guess poor people have poor ways and it seems like we will never get on our feet."

Poor ways. Poor mother. Through an open door I could see into a bedroom. The bedding was ragged and inexpressibly dirty. From the kitchen came the smell of cold suds mingling with and making more unbearable the acrid odor of long unventilated rooms. A wave of discouragement engulfed me. Why must there be so much misery in the world?

Why must people be forced to build walls and live less than humans?

"Are you washing, Mrs. Holman?" Rhoda Blomquist asked. "If you are we had better go on and not hinder you."

I knew she was anxious to get out into the open air but Mrs. Holman answered quickly, "Oh, you are not bothering me. I have been washing for two days and if I don't get it done today I can tomorrow. My land, I just love to have Relief Society teachers. They are the only women that ever come near me. Seems like—Susie, behave yourself. I'll declare, my children don't show no raising a tall. The Husband's mother is all the time telling me how rude they are breaking things up. O' course we don't have much furniture but I do have a piano but it is out to her place."

"And they won't let me play it," a dark-haired girl spoke from a corner where she had been listening.

Here was an opening and I seized it eagerly. "Would you like to play?"

"Uh-huh," the child's soiled face lighted with the flame of desire. "I'd love to. I can pick out tunes when they let me."

It seemed almost fate that gave me such a chance. I am a musician and have a group of students. Nothing would give me more delight than developing this waif—and who knows but it might lead to a way of helping the family.

"If your mother doesn't mind, come to my place tomorrow at ten o'clock. I will see what we can do about giving you lessons."

It was hard to tell who's face expressed the most eagerness, mother's or child's.

"Oh, she's smart," pride softened the strident tones. "My children are all smart. I wish I could do better by them."

Looking into their eyes I could well believe they were "smart." As a group they would average high in intelligence. What a crime it would be to have it wasted or perverted.

"Haven't you a washer?" practical, methodical Mrs. Blomquist was plainly worried about the unfinished state of the washing.

"Yes, she's got one," a small boy answered. "But it is out in the back yard and Dad is too lazy to bring it in."

"Don't you speak that way about your father, young man."

"Will too," the youngster began but the dark-haired girl pounced on him with a shrill, "you hush," and he subsided momentarily. Her influence was a fact to store away for future reference.

Mrs. Blomquist had risen and Mary looked as if she would like to also but our work here was not finished. I had been watching the children.

"Would you like me to tell you a story?"

"I'll tell you about a poor lost sheep."

"I saw a sheep out to the fair," four-year-old Susie managed to take her thumb from her mouth long enough to voice the startling fact.

"Don't like stories of sheep," the boy declared and emphasized his dislike by pushing over a chair. It was in the last stage of decreptitude and broke hopelessly.

"Jerold Holman, see what you have done to the poor chair. You go in the kitchen right now."

"Won't do it. I'll break another one." When he looked about for

one the mother roused from her inertia and tried to take him from the room. He was too much for her but Jeanie rushed to her assistance and soon they had him behind the closed kitchen door. An instant later he appeared at the front screen.

Ignoring the commotion I began telling them the immortal story of the Lost Sheep. I put all I had into it. When I finished there were deep sighs of satisfaction from the children.

"That was our lesson," I told Mrs. Holman. Then to the children, "When the teachers come again they will tell you another story. Like those you hear in Sunday School."

"We don't go to Sunday School."

"Well," the mother defended herself, "the Husband won't let me send them unless they look just right and how can I keep clothes on their backs without money?"

How could she, indeed. How could anyone? It was hard enough to keep up a home when one had a modest salary to use. This woman had six babies and no certain income. Only a strong woman could handle such a problem.

We had hardly reached the sidewalk when Rhoda expelled her breath with gusto and then drew her lungs full of afternoon air that was so clean and fresh.

"What a relief."

"Wasn't it pitiful?" Mary asked. "But you can't blame Mr. Holman too much for staying away from home the way he does."

No, I thought, one couldn't blame him too much. Each was seeking release in the way they knew. They were children of the ward and would have to be helped to a solution.

OUR next hostess made no effort to express an opinion or ask a question. She listened quietly until we asked her to come to Relief Society and then the words fairly tumbled over each other in her eagerness.

"No. I am not going to that meeting again. I went a number of times when we first moved here and I might as well have been to a meeting of South Sea Islanders. If I have to be alone I'll stay home for it."

"The first thing we will do, tomorrow," I said, when we were back on the sidewalk, "is organize a committee to welcome the women—especially the strangers."

"Some people need so much attention."

"Perhaps you have never had the experience she spoke of. I have and it wasn't pleasant."

"We'd better go in here."

I had been walking with my thoughts on the problems when Mary spoke. I looked up quickly at the house indicated.

"No, no!" I cried involuntarily. "I couldn't go into that house. I just couldn't."

"Why, what is the matter with you?" Mary demanded. "She belongs to the ward no matter what people say of her."

"And they say plenty," Rhoda added.

By that time I had control of myself. My personal likes or worries had no place in this work I had assumed. Besides there was no reason why I should dislike Mrs. Grow. Tim laughed and joked with many who came into his store.

As we turned toward the house we met Mr. Holman coming out.

But there was no answer to our knock.

The next three places we visited were like refreshing rain after a drought. Clean, well-ordered homes; smiling hostesses who received us gladly and from their own experience enriched us. Such women, I knew, were the salt of the organization and I gave silent thanks that they were in the majority.

OUR last visit that day, while not far in distance, was far removed in appearance and atmosphere from the rest of the district. We were admitted by a maid and led to a small music room where we waited. When the hostess came, a vision of loveliness, she greeted us laughingly.

"How lovely to see you. Dona, don't tell me you have decided to work with me! You know I strayed from the fold long ago."

I watched her closely as she spoke. She was beautiful. Too beautiful, almost, to be true. But her eyes were too bright and there was a metallic ring in her voice that had not been there when I had last seen her.

"Our lesson today is the parable of the Lost Sheep. It might point a way back."

"I am very happy where I am, thank you. But I will gladly listen to your message.

"We are not district teachers this time, Mrs. Holsinger. Mrs. Maylord is our new president and we are her counselors."

"How splendid. I always expected such things of you, Dona." This time there was a genuineness in her voice that had been lacking before. "We have come a long way since high school days, haven't we? You have worked so hard and I have had such fun."

Yes. We had each gone a long way since we had been pals in school, and I suspected Gloria Holsinger's way had not been too satisfying.

"I shall probably call on you for help, Gloria." Again she laughed. "You'd lose your position if you did. Imagine me in Relief Society. But I really would enjoy your lesson."

She made a gesture of settling herself comfortably but I knew her too well to be deceived. There was a controlled nervousness about her that set me thinking. When the lesson was finished I said,

"Sing for us, will you? I'll play for you. It will be like old times." I went to her beautiful piano and struck the opening chord of, "Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd." Without a word Gloria came to stand by me and the way she sang that beautiful old hymn brought peace to my heart for the first time that day. The thought came suddenly to me, "why not use her as chorister?" What poise and what vision she could bring to our organization with her music if she only would. Mentally, I made a note of speaking to my counselors and the Bishop this very night.

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd were all these blindly wandering sheep. God grant me the power to point out to them the vision of returning paths.

(To be continued)

Our Easter Customs

By Dorothy Nell Mair

WHEN the last blizzard of winter has vanished and the cold winds cease their eerie whistling in the chimney, spring has come. With the springtime comes the Easter season, and the resurrection of things that are good and beautiful. As Christ rose from the darkness of the tomb, so rise the plants from the sleeping darkness of the earth to carpet the barren ground with green grass and embroider it with flowers. At Eastertide we cast off the old and worn-out things and accept the vigorous new ones. It is the season of renewed hopes and spiritual happiness, when life begins again. Mankind, in a joyous state of mind, must celebrate such a season. Since antiquity Easter has been observed in various ways and with various symbols, not all of them having origin in the age of Christianity.

Just why we celebrate Easter has even been disputed by some historians. The Christian world generally accepts it to be in commemoration of the Resurrection of Christ, but some authorities tell us that it is an old Saxon custom celebrating the festival of the Saxon goddess, Eastre, who was honored each spring. The word Easter comes from the Saxon word oster, meaning "to rise." In the spring all plant life arises. Nature awakens from the winter's slumber and growing things appear upon the earth. Likewise mankind's spirit arises, too, with hopefulness. He must express this happiness, and he does so, with festivals that are both gay and religious.

WHEN we think of Easter, we think of the longiflorum lilium, or Easter lily. Its waxen whiteness signifies purity; its fragrance is refreshing. How much one of these beautiful potted lilies add to a room when it graces a mantel, a window seat, a draped corner, or an end table beside a cozy chair.

Lilies were the flowers of the ancients, and no others have had their beauty extolled in prose and poetry quite as much. They are the Biblical flowers; the white ones symbolic of purity, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. It is believed, however, that the lilies mentioned in the Bible were not true liliums, but true lilies were known to the ancients. The appearance of lily designs upon pottery proves that. Also, there are a number of flowers termed lily which are not true lilies—the Lily of the Valley being one, although in church history this dainty little flower is symbolic of the Virgin's tears.

There are many varieties of liliums, aside from the Easter lily. When colonization of North America began lilies were found growing in the woods and meadows. The bulbs were shipped back to England where cultivation has been going on for three centuries. It has been only within the last seventy-five years that they have been cultivated on this continent. Some of the largest lily blooms ever grown are now extinct and their cultivation lost to the world. The longiflorum or Easter lily, as we call it, is not a native of North America, but an imported bulb

from Japan, extensively cultivated by our American florists. This is the variety grown in pots by the thousands to meet the trade of the Easter season, and everyone loves this fragrant flower.

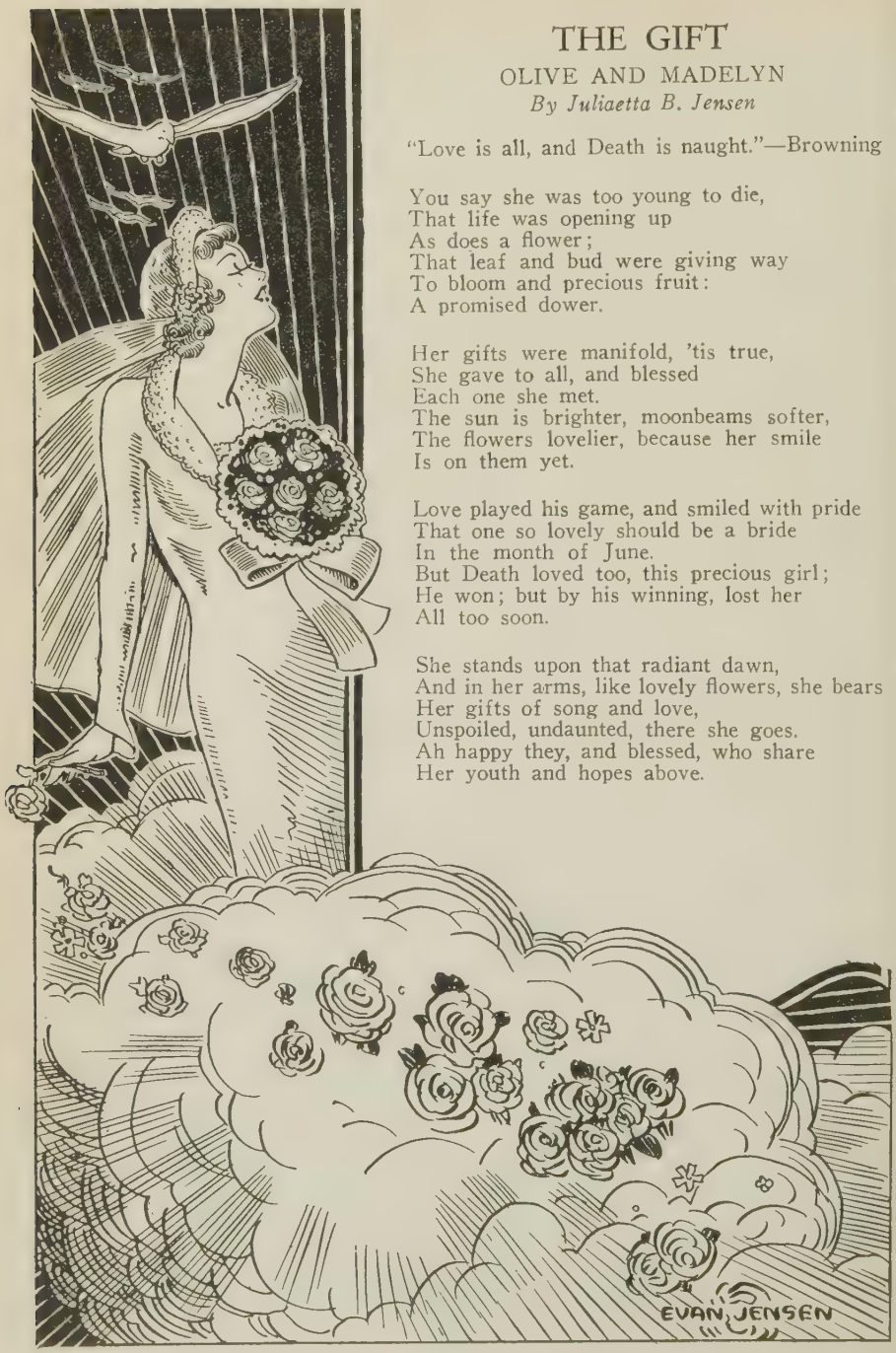
ANOTHER symbol of this new life which begins at the Easter season is our Easter egg. We trace this custom back to the Persians who celebrated the beginning of the new year in the springtime and presented each other with an egg, believing that within the egg was the secret of life. The "Festival of the Eggs" each spring was preserved by the Christian world when the calendar was changed and the new year moved up to January first. Symbolizing new life and a resurrection of things dormant, it fitted into the celebration of the Easter season. The custom of coloring the eggs is exceedingly ancient and was done by the Jews at the Passover time. The early Christian custom was to decorate the eggs with red, to represent the blood of Christ.

Even the downy yellow chick has his place in our Easter symbols. His breaking through the hard shell and entering into the world as a thing alive is suggestive of Christ's victory over the tomb and his again walking about upon the earth until the Ascension.

The Easter rabbit comes into our observance of the season through an old superstition, believed to be of Teutonic origin, which says that rabbits laid eggs on Easter Eve.

UP until the fourth century the celebration of Easter consisted of simple church ceremonies. Then came Constantine, of Rome, the lover of pomp and display, who made the festival one of extravagance. He it was who appeared in church on Easter morning attired in his richest and newest robes. Others, not to be outdone, began dressing up to keep the occasion. Each year more people appeared in church attired in modish dress, until the fashion to look one's best on Easter morning became a universal practice.

But there is more behind the desire to wear new clothes on Easter morning, than just to satisfy the vanity of being well-dressed. After the long dreary days of winter when daylight is all too short, and we are compelled to spend a good share of the twenty-four hours in darkness, each soul is clamoring for a release. Eagerly we await the springtime, the lengthening of the daylight, and we grasp for a new and better chance to reëstablish our physical resources. We discard our old bundlesome wearing apparel much as we put aside old heartaches and unpleasant experiences of the year before. We don fresh new clothes with the same joy and eagerness with which we herald the good and beautiful growing things of the Easter season. Our new clothes are nothing more than a material manifestation of the happiness within the heart, and the custom now has an established place in the celebration of our Easter festival.



THE GIFT

OLIVE AND MADELYN

By Juliaetta B. Jensen

"Love is all, and Death is naught."—Browning

You say she was too young to die,
That life was opening up
As does a flower;
That leaf and bud were giving way
To bloom and precious fruit:
A promised dower.

Her gifts were manifold, 'tis true,
She gave to all, and blessed
Each one she met.
The sun is brighter, moonbeams softer,
The flowers lovelier, because her smile
Is on them yet.

Love played his game, and smiled with pride
That one so lovely should be a bride
In the month of June.
But Death loved too, this precious girl;
He won; but by his winning, lost her
All too soon.

She stands upon that radiant dawn,
And in her arms, like lovely flowers, she bears
Her gifts of song and love,
Unspoiled, undaunted, there she goes.
Ah happy they, and blessed, who share
Her youth and hopes above.

The Fountain of Youth—Recreation

Loren H. Basler, Supervisor of Recreation—Idaho

IN thinking of wholesome, worth while recreation for mature women, my thoughts immediately fly to a woman whom I admire and love very much, my mother.

Born into a normal American home, with the average amount of education, she raised a family of four children, under the handicap of a very modest financial budget. The things I remember about her are not the long hours she spent washing, mending, cooking and dishwashing, but the time she managed to work into her time budget in order that she could do some of the things she liked and desired to do.

I remember the plans she made for her own recreation, the art, the music and the dramatic lessons she took, the little trips she managed, the hats she made, the home decorating which she planned and executed, the parties and socials she arranged. This mother of mine planned her twenty-four hours so that she not only had time for her own rest and relaxation periods, but she also had a lot of pleasure planning recreation for both her family and community.

How well I remember the family and neighborhood "sings" we had as we sat in front of the big fireplace, popping corn and shining apples which would later be eaten with fudge; the birthday cakes, candles and parties; the little family orchestra, the pony, dogs, sleds, bicycles, and swings which were somehow provided for out of her meager funds; the group socials of quiet, pen and pencil and co-recreational games she planned, the picnics, camping and outing trips; the thrilling joy she got from entertaining a group with her songs and dramatic readings. She is still alive and happy in her joyous life adventure, at this present minute off on a recreational trip, entertaining others, going surf bathing, singing her songs, getting her recreation by being happy and making others play —"a seventy-year-old adolescent."

Because I have known this woman who has always lived recreation I have the courage to attempt to discuss the subject of recreation for mature women.

I HAVE yet to find a woman who thinks of herself as old—rather she thinks, if she considers the question at all, of herself as a girl. She has the same instinctive desires for fun, play, mental and social activities as she had in her childhood. The specific activities in which she participates should be carefully selected and tactfully presented, as she is still as shy and self-conscious about anything new as an eight-year-old. Activities must be presented which are recreational and too easy rather than those which involve fine techniques and savor of work rather than play.

We can divide the kinds of recreation in which women of mature years are interested into five main divisions. Figure No. 1 shows these five phases of recreation and the relative value of each, according to the interest of mature women.

Joseph Lee, formerly of the National Recreation Association of America, says: "The impulse to play is universal." Physical activities do not play as prominent a part in the recreation program for women as they do in the program for

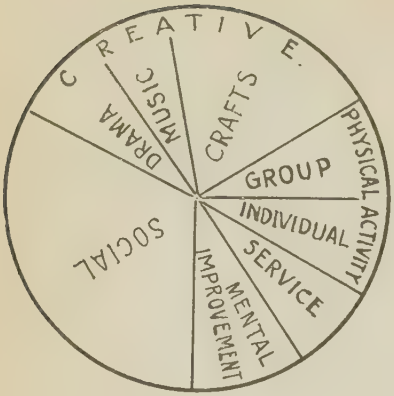


FIGURE No. 1

youth. The specific physical activities for mature women should be carefully planned for recreational and health values. Any event which endangers health or physical fitness should be excluded from the women's program. Women are more interested in having fun by means of stunts, novelty races, non-intricate dances and games using large, free movements rather than in competing with other women in skill types of games and sports. Activities involving very little running should be used.

THE physical kinds of recreation are divided into fields. First, the individual and dual events. Below is suggested a list of these activities.

INDIVIDUAL AND DUAL PHYSICAL ACTIVITIES FOR WOMEN

1. *Novelty Races and Contests.*

a. egg and spoon race
b. lighted candle race
c. with partner, one walk forward one walk backward and return race
d. nail driving contest
e. needle threading contest
f. feather on paper plate race
g. suitcase race
h. potato race
i. balloon blowing contest
j. various water races and stunts
k. clothes pin race
l. bean bag contests
m. walking forward, backward and sidewise races
n. imitative walk races
o. various types of ball throwing contests

2. *Dual Games.*

a. archery
b. bowling
c. croquet
d. shuffleboard
e. horseshoes
f. tennis
g. golf
h. archery golf
i. badminton
j. table tennis
k. paddle tennis
l. tin can bowling
m. curling
n. bounce ball
o. clock golf

No one woman should attempt to participate in them all, rather she should select a few which would give her the most immediate enjoyment and satisfaction.

THE next list suggests some of the activities of the second type, group events. Women are, by nature, social; they prefer to be with congenial people when they play. Group events, when participated in with good companions, give joyous, healthful exercise, are not dangerous and are suited in every way to women, if well supervised. Many women like to join a group for reducing exercises but will stay with the group and the activity only as long as they are having a good time.

GROUP PHYSICAL ACTIVITIES FOR WOMEN

a. outings
b. summer camps
c. aquatics
d. coasting
e. skating
f. horseback riding
g. roller skating
h. folk dancing
i. old-time dances

j. tap dancing
k. social dancing
l. gymnasium class
m. low organized games
n. reducing exercises
o. relays
p. game skills
q. volley ball
r. walking

THE best known phase of recreation for women of mature age comes through creative activities. If they enter into these creative arts, free from strain, under no compulsion and utterly relaxed, they will get much joy and satisfaction from them. A list of crafts, music and dramatic activities which women really enjoy follows:

CREATIVE ACTIVITIES FOR WOMEN

Crafts

a. plain sewing
b. fancy sewing
c. hook and braided rugs
d. quilting
e. cooking
f. gardening
g. raising pets
h. metal work
i. leather work
j. flowers
k. silhouettes
l. painting, drawing
m. sculpturing
n. china painting
o. home decorating

Music

a. music appreciation club
b. orchestra
c. string band
d. chorus
e. singing mothers group
f. choral or choir group
g. kitchen band
h. music contest
i. minstrels
j. group singing

Dramatics

a. tableaux
b. living statues
c. shadow plays
d. vaudeville shows
e. costuming
f. amateur hours
g. pageants
h. festivals
i. stunts
j. pantomime
k. playlets
l. one-act plays
m. marionettes
n. play writing
o. dramatic contests

OF all types of recreation, crafts give women the greatest thrill, satisfaction and feeling of success, for the smallest amount of effort. Hand skill and dexterity is the one basic skill that nearly every woman developed in her girlhood. She may not have learned to sing, dance, play active games or act, but she did learn to use her hands. In directing these activities it will be necessary for the leader to learn the background, skills and interests of the women in a given group and see that the unskilled woman starts with the simplest project and provide the most difficult crafts for the clever ones.

In Oregon lives a woman whom I know very well. Her children are grown, she has always been an extremely busy individual, managing a splendid home and also finding time to care for a small needlecraft business. She has given up her business and at the present time would probably be a restless, unhappy, listless woman if she had not gone back to the craft she first learned as a small girl in a little old log house on a Canadian prairie. For the past several years this woman has made exquisite hooked rugs. She cuts, dyes and prepares her own material, designs her patterns, plans the colors and even makes the frames. The value of these rugs could not be estimated in dollars and cents. Year after year they take blue ribbons at the Oregon State Fair. The real

value lies, not in the rugs, but in the happiness and satisfaction which comes from having successfully made some beautiful object.

NEARLY every woman has a small amount of fundamental skill and plenty of love for music. Under wise leadership she may have joyous success in some artistic musical group. Even if a woman has had very little training, or none, she has, deep down within her, a real love of self-expression through music. Start with simple types of musical groups and lead from these into more difficult, really artistic achievements. Once a woman tastes the thrill of success, the joy of group endeavor, she will always enter these musical activities and find, therein, recreation; relief from strain and the spiritual uplift she needs to help her through the routine and monotonous drudgery which is so often her lot.

IN the soul of nearly every woman lies the desire to be an actress. We find that many women like a means of self-expression through some form of dramatics. This can be accomplished in some recreation center, church or other organization. At the present time a play is being coached at one of the recreation centers in Idaho, in which six women, all sixty years of age or older, are playing the major parts.

ANOTHER phase of recreation, suitable for mature women, and a kind in which she gets relief from strain, worry and pent-up emotions, due to household drudgery, is social recreation. The next list suggests some of the forms of social life in which women get relaxation and enjoyment. Many women enter into clubs with such a serious purpose and under such a mental strain that it is leisure unwisely spent. Others enter into service and welfare work so earnestly that they need relief activities and socializers even during serious meetings and conventions.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES FOR WOMEN

a. finger and hand games
b. coordination stunts
c. circle mixer games
d. progressive stunt parties
e. early American folk dances
f. action and stunt songs
g. quiet games
h. observation games and contests
i. world alertness games
j. pen and pencil games
k. social dance mixers
l. mental games
m. table games

Women, with their husbands and friends, can get a whole lot of nonsensical enjoyment out of social dance mixers and learning some of the Early American Folk and simple Square Dances.

Mental recreation is probably more important for matrons than any other group for which recreation programs are organized. Women are not so eager for strenuous physical activities; they realize that they need to overcome the handicap of time lost because of family duties, and also to improve their education.

Those of us who are working with community and state recreation programs know that it is the mature women to whom we look in order to get the help needed in organizing, planning and developing a free, democratic, tax-supported recreation project, because these are the women who are eager to give time and effort to those things which are worth while. Women of middle or later years find their greatest joy

in helping others secure health and happiness. Especially are they willing to help those who are poor or in need. They make wonderful volunteer workers on recreation programs.

A MODERN mother should realize that rest and pleasure are no longer considered stolen but are legitimate and necessary. She should, therefore, prepare a daily and weekly time budget which shall include time for planned leisure. She should use this planned leisure so that rest, relaxation and refreshment will come, hand in hand with healthful, stimulating, wholesome fun.

Dr. Hugh Woodward, of Utah, makes this statement: "Recreation comprises all those activities which deliver to the individual an immediate cash value in satisfaction."

Women have or can arrange to have leisure. Leisure time should not be spent in a motion picture theater, before a radio or in reading poor literature. All women wish to enrich their lives, develop poise, personality and character. If they become an active participator, self-development will result.

In conclusion, check yourself against the following list of questions. If you can answer "yes" to most of them you are probably wholesomely adjusted and a healthy, respected member of society.

1. Can you sing a song from memory?
2. Can you repeat a poem or a passage of prose?
3. Do you know how to play a table game, a quiet game, an active game?
4. Are you skilled in one sport?
5. Do you know something about one phase of nature?
6. Can you do well some type of handcraft?
7. Do you have a hobby?
8. Can you guide a group in some worth while recreational activity?

THE UTAH PLOWMAN

By Celia A. VanCott

Slowly he moves beside his team
Through the stubbled field below
Saged purple hills, tall stately pines;
The tranquil beauty of the dawning glow.

He hears the stir of awakening things,
The soft low rustle through the trees,
The robins' welcome for the dawn,
The bluebirds' lilting melodies.

From far away through paling skies
He hears the seagull's scream on flight,
The hungry greedy little throng
Soar high above him, wing and light.

All day they follow the shining plough
As he turns the riffled dark brown soil;
By sweat-flanked team with accurate eye
He scans the furrowed acres of his daily toil.

In The Ring With Father Time

By H. C. Mortensen, General Manager of the Deseret Gymnasium

ALL the world's a Prize Ring, and all the men in the world are Prize Fighters.

From the moment the doctor announces "It's a boy" until the last round, you are in the ring and your opponent is the world's undisputed champion, Old Father Time.

You have accepted no challenge, signed no contract nor agreed on any purse. You have set no place for the fight, posted no guarantee for your appearance, nor have you received permission from any state or commission to stage the fight.

No matter how peaceful or law abiding you may be, how much you mind your own business, whether you like to fight or not, you are in the squared ring, giving or taking punches, with a scowl or a smile—for this is the Battle of the Centuries—every man's battle for life. Your chief concern is to stay in the ring as long as you can, make the best showing you can—win, lose or draw.

Most fights with Father Time last from forty to seventy rounds, sometimes one goes to eighty, rarely to ninety, and only one in a million goes to one hundred. The number of rounds you stay in the ring and your condition when you come out, depends on the equipment nature provided you with, the care you take of that equipment, how well you live up to the rules of the game and your determination to succeed.

If your waist line out-runs the rest of your body and your wind fails, you had better consult your trainer, for these are red flags of warning. If your appetite fails and you don't listen eagerly for the dinner bell, you had better consult your doctor who will, no doubt, prescribe a more suitable diet and a necessary daily dozen. If your joints creak and you limp and groan with "rheumatiz" something has probably gone wrong with your blood and you need medical attention. If you are dull and lifeless, can't get your work done, don't have that sparkle in your eye and the glow of health on your cheek, you are neglecting that most important thing in your life, and for which there is no substitute—your good health—and the big fight will be very short.

MOST men are completely deceived as to the ability, condition and skill of Father Time. He is invariably pictured, and believed by many to be, an old, thin, weak man, with a long, gray beard and sunken eyes—the picture of age and decrepitude. However, when you face him, you will find that he is a rugged, strong athlete, six feet six, weighing over two hundred pounds, with keen eyes, boxing skill, marvelous endurance and a real fighting heart. He never breaks training and is always in fighting condition. His habits are regular, he never neglects his diet nor misses his daily workouts. He needs no manager, no press agent, no sparring partners, no doctors, no trainers; he never loafs, rests nor rusts; but he is on the job at the same old stand every day in the year.

The strange thing about all of Father's matches is that he does not seem particularly eager to end the fight quickly, but is willing to let you stay in for a good long bout,

especially if you put up any kind of a fight. But if you are weak, out of condition, sickly, careless or untrained he will soon put you out. Long experience has taught him all the tricks and fine points of the game. He is a good boxer, has a good knockout punch in both fists, is fast, aggressive, and knows just when to finish the job.

FROM the eighteenth to the thirtieth round you are sure you will win the fight. You have all the confidence in the world, need no advice, consult no manager, doctor or trainer, care nothing for training rules and are cocksure he can be knocked out in any round. There's blood in your eye and you are out for a kill as you rush in with wild swings, right crosses, upper cuts and a great assortment of haymakers, any one of which should end the battle.

But somehow the "old fellow" weathers the storm, blocks the haymakers, ducks the swings, absorbs all you can land, hands back a few good punches on the jaw, a stiff poke on the nose, and generally seems to be as fresh and strong as he was in the first round, while you find yourself stalling and clinching and trying to hold on until the bell. A lot of cocksureness has gone at the end of that thirtieth round.

As the fortieth round progresses the old man seems to detect your weak points. He knows you have been smoking. He forces the fighting, keeps you running around the ring, and with your wind gone, soon has you over the ropes. You have been drinking, have no vitality and are in poor condition generally. He quickly drives you to the ropes with lefts and rights, and all that saves you from a knockout is the gong. That was an easy round for him but a tough one for you.

You have been staying out late nights, breaking training rules, neglecting diet, sleep and rest. He seems to look right through you and sees these weaknesses. Knowing his own strength and fitness he goes merrily into the next round with complete confidence, soon has you groggy and then on your knees for the count of nine—and the bell saves you again.

When you reach the fiftieth round you begin to wonder whether or not you are ever going to put him out. You don't seem to have quite the confidence in yourself and your punches. Your wind is not as good as it was a few rounds back, your legs wobble and your muscles do not respond with the same speed. Your eyesight is not so good and there is not the same coordination between brain and muscle. Generally speaking you are somewhat on the fence. But you have not yet given up and are sure you will still be able to land that knockout. But the old fellow guards against that surprise and stalls it off with his usual perfect defense.

By the sixtieth round you begin to feel that if you can manage to stay in the ring and on your feet you will be doing pretty well. You are perfectly content to take it easy, you do not force the fighting. You are slow to leave your corner, do a lot of sparring, stalling and clinching. You cast appealing eyes toward the referee and quite often call for a foul. You drop to your knees and wait for the count of nine every time he lands. You protest that he hit below the belt; but the referee orders the fight to go on. The master boxer just waits and smiles. He knows the end is very near. You are glad to get into your corner at the end of this round.

With the aid of trainers and seconds you shuffle out for the seventieth round. You would like to

stay on your feet this round as he might drop his guard and your chance to put one over might come. You do not feel like matching punches and are beginning to have greater respect for the man in the other corner. You realize more than ever that your training has been irregular, your condition bad. Instead of being in the pink of condition you have been pitifully weak and stale—in fact the old man seems to pity you and hesitates to finish the job. However, the bell sounds, you are in the middle of the ring, the crowd yells for a finish. When consciousness returns the fight is over, you are in an ambulance on the road to the hospital with the hearse following close behind.

AFTER the last round Father time jumped over the ropes and into his dressing room with hardly a scratch. A shower, a quick rubdown and he is ready to take on the next challenger. He looks as if he had just come in from a short run in the country. His eyes sparkle, his cheeks are red and he shows every evidence of perfect condition. When asked how he maintains such marvelous condition he says that he lives simply, keeps close to nature, eats wholesome food only, does not use tobacco, does not drink liquor, tea or coffee, keeps regular working and sleeping hours and has no worries. He declares that he is ready for the ring and waiting to take on all comers.

With John Citizen there is a different story. With great difficulty the doctors revived him. He was completely down and out. His face was battered and bruised, one eye closed, lips cut and swollen, miserable defeat written all over his face. He readily conceded that Time was a better man and said no one could stand against such strength and endurance.

He had not employed the same methods of training and was not in the same condition as Father Time. He might have been more consistent in his training and mode of living so that he could have made a better showing and put up a better fight. He warned all challengers for the world's championship to profit by his experience and keep mentally awake and physically fit, for, said he: "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong but he that endures to the end."

APRIL'S OVERFLOW

By Belle Watson Anderson

Lyrical buds of tender beauty
Veiled on April's apple tree,
Tomorrow's blooms on shadowy branches,
Rhythm's pulsing prophecy.

Fragrance bursting into splendor,
Vision of a flowering sea,
The overflow of tinted blossoms,
Spring's fulfilment on the lea.

Mother of This Land

By Wilford D. Lee

BEN HAWKINS slapped his bay mare on the rump and sent her down to the spring for a drink; and then, without so much as a glance at the scarlet sky that flamed clear across the western heavens, he dragged the harness into the pole and straw stable and hung it up on a peg. He went to the feed box, and as he dipped up the grain with a gallon fruit tin, he swore. Like many men who are used to being very much alone, he often conversed with himself; in this instance he was no respecter of persons. His square, work-stained face was drawn and bitter.

His horses, all eight of them hard muscled and lank, came trooping back from the water, and greedily poked their noses into the grain boxes. When he had slapped and prodded them into their right places, he left the barn and walked with tired, bent shoulders toward the little unpainted house that snuggled against the hill.

The whole scene, to one who had eyes to see, was one of inestimable grandeur. The house and barn, facing east, nestled well back against the great crescent of the hill. Behind them, on the steep slope, was a tangle of quaking asp, choke cherry, service berry and wild rose, all massed together in an impenetrable thicket. High above, the bare rim of the hill lay black against the flaming sky, and was only partly softened by the few tree tops that made a lacy tangle against the clouds. To the east of the hill, the fallow land stretched out in rhythmic loveliness, at this moment washed in a rose light, which was reflected from the evening sky. The robins were singing their evening song, and on the fresh night breeze the smell of fresh growing things mingled with the odor of wood smoke and frying bacon. Farther to the east where another swell rose above the hollow a patch of young wheat rippled in the evening breeze.

Coming to the front of the house, Ben knocked the dust off his overalls with his gloves, and with a sigh, sat down in the doorway. With his elbows on his knees, he gazed with speculative pessimism over the whole scene. This pessimism of his was not a new thing, for lately he had developed a constantly taciturn mood. Last fall when an admiring visitor had remarked upon the grandeur of his view, Ben cut him off with the remark that this wasn't an amusement park, but a wheat ranch; and the view didn't make the price of wheat any better. But tonight he seemed too disgusted with everything even to be argumentative about it.

From where he sat he could hear his wife's steps as she hurried from stove to table and back again. Even the click of Mary's heels on the worn linoleum, a sound which ordinarily tended to revive his spirits, seemed to have no effect upon him. His head dropped to his breast and his fingers worried the frayed edges of his gloves. He didn't glance up when he felt the swish of his wife's dress against his sweat-soaked back.

MARY HAWKINS was not a big woman, but she was as lythe and supple as a boy. Due to the strenuous work of the farm her tanned arms showed long thin strands of hard muscle, and the set of her shoulders, though they were small, was vigorous. Mary's face was plain, and a little too delicate for a ranch in the hills; but her mouth was a small, determined slit in the tan; her eyes, wide open and luminous, were intensely alive; yet they radiated a calm power within. She stood lightly touching her shoulder against the doorframe, and her whole countenance, for the moment, was lighted up by the vibrant excitement of the scene before her.

When he sat up her strong fingers twisted absently at a strand of her husband's work-damped hair which fell about his ears.

"Seen the cow?" he mumbled.

"Myrtle and Billie have gone after her. The horses have eaten off all the feed close around. She has to go a long ways to get anything."

For some time they remained thus in silence; Ben's eyes were screwed up in an agony of thought, and remained fixed on the cleanly swept ground in front of the door; but the woman watched the color shift in intensity from the swales to the ridges, and then melt away altogether leaving the low places in velvety darkness. As the color gathered itself back into the sky to tint the far-off mountains, the robins were silenced, and flew on soft wings to their nests. One little frog squawked lonesomely in the mud about the spring; then into it all came the far-off tolling of a cowbell.

Ben heaved himself around so that he sat crosswise in the door. With his back against the frame, he looked up into the calm steady features of his wife now obscured by the failing light.

"Bill Jensen was by as I made that last round to the east fence. He says that wheat's down again, an' prob'ly will go lower. I guess I ought to've sold a month ago when it was higher. There won't be half enough now to pay the taxes."

The woman stood immobile for some minutes while he looked up half expectantly into her face. Finally she said softly, "The color on those mountains to the east tonight was lovelier than I've ever seen it before."

He let his feet fall heavily to the ground.

"But Mary!" he groaned, "what shall we do!" He arose, and shoving his fists deep into his overall's pockets, stamped about the yard. "Great heavens! Here we are about to lose our place, and you stand there like a kid mumblin' about pretty colors!" The pain of pent up weeks of anxiety was in his voice. "We can't go on like this. This is the third year the taxes have gone by," he explained as if to a child, "and we will lose the place if they are not paid!"

She said nothing for a time, but when she did, her voice was as velvety as the night that was fast gathering around them. "Will you wash, Ben? The children will soon be here."

WHILE her husband was splashing in the basin on the bench beside the door, the woman lighted a lamp and started putting the food on the table. Presently, with an ever increasing crescendo of sound, the cow came trotting

into the yard, and the two children, a girl twelve, and a boy several years younger, hurried into the house.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy," cried the boy, "look what I've brought. There's six of them . . . four big ones, and two half grown!" He held up by their tails for an indifferent inspection of a half dozen ground squirrels. "I've learned how to set the traps now so that they run right into 'em. Gee, Ma," he turned noisily to his mother, "it won't be long now, at this rate!" Then he clapped a grimy hand over his mouth and leaped out into the darkness, crying, "I've got a secret, I've got a secret!"

Myrtle, dark eyes mysteriously mature for her age, smiled. "This makes twenty-one pelts that he has stretched on that log. He thinks they will make you a magnificent squirrel coat!" And the two winked at each other understandingly and laughed.

BEN came in and combed his hair, throwing it back from his forehead, exposing an intensely white streak of skin between the tan of his face and the darkness of his hair. His once good looking face, was now, toward middle age, settling into a hard, half wrinkled block, with the light of youth slowly dying. Within a few minutes Billie returned, and they all sat down to their meal. The food was simple enough: potatoes, gravy, home-cured meat, and eggs. But the potatoes were whipped up into a snowy mound with a generous lump of butter on top. The meat had been diced, and an omelet poured over them. The mother quartered the omelet and served it smoking on their plates. A salad of lettuce and radishes, made from vegetables out of her own little garden, topped with a cream dressing, added a fresh touch to the whole meal. A great plate of bread, sliced not too thick, was stacked neatly and set near the husband's elbow.

The father and his boy attacked the food with silent earnestness, the boy imitating his father not only in his large and vigorous bites, but also in having his elbows placed akimbo on the blue checkered table cloth. But the girl and her mother chatted in little humorous sentences about nothing, enjoying their food as they talked.

After the supper was over, the girl prepared to do the dishes while her mother tied on an old apron in preparation for milking the cow.

"I'll milk tonight," her husband growled.

But the mother, knowing that he didn't really mean it, yet appreciative that he made the gesture, merely smiled.

"No, sit still. Alice sent up several *Western Farmers* for you. They are there on the machine."

Ben thumbed through the magazines absently during the few minutes that his wife was out. Before he had finished looking at the pictures, she was back with her froth-flecked pail. She strained the milk and put it away in the cupboard; then as she washed her hands she said, "I turned the horses out. Do you think they will get down on the grain?"

"Might just as well let them eat it off," he growled ill-humoredly. "We won't get anything out of it anyway."

THEY all sat at the table. The shaded lamp in the middle cast flickering furtive shadows about the bare little room. The

mother sat with her basket full of mending while the father pretended to read. But her husband's eyes would not stay on the page. Glue them as he would, they crept away, here, there, and everywhere except on the lines before him. The deep hurt of life haunted them.

Presently the boy's head sank down on the table, and was asleep.

"Myrtle, get Billie to bed," the mother suggested. Then smiling, she added, "Poor child, he runs around as much as a puppy with an overshoe."

"Bill says the sale will take place on the courtyard steps," Ben said, with a strange continuation as if an hour of time had not elapsed since he had spoken of the subject which caused such a tumult in his mind. When his wife did not reply, he hurried on, his lower lip almost trembling in fear. "We've got to raise the money. I'm going down to the valley tomorrow and sell the wheat for what I can get out of it; then maybe I can sell a team or two. If I can get what they are worth, that will save the place." With nervous fingers he ripped off a piece of paper and slowly tore it to bits.

"They'll sell it!" he went on, his voice trembling in deep intensity. "They'll sell it, after all the work I've done on it, right over my head. They'll sell it and never think a thing about it . . . nor of me. I can go an' starve as far as they're concerned! They'll pauperize me. . . . Oh, say something!" He pounded the table with his fists.

His wife reached out and covered his rough work-hardened hands with her own.

"Please don't think that I haven't any feeling, Ben," she said softly. "I suppose that I'm built different than you. I saw this coming a year ago and I have prepared myself for it."

"A year ago!"

"Yes. . . . Don't you remember that I suggested last spring that we quit and move to town. Maybe we could have got something to do there."

"A quitter!" he charged, derisively.

"Yes," she replied without emotion, "that is what you said then. And yet I saw this. . . . We had five hundred dollars then, and now we haven't."

BEN leaped to his feet and paced back and forth, his sock feet making soft thudding sounds on the floor. "But I had to go on!" he cried. "Look what I have invested! I couldn't do that . . . just up and quit . . . leave everything. I'm not built that way."

"I know you're not," his wife replied without accusation. "You are the heroic kind that must die fighting. I suppose that I'm just coward enough to know too well when to quit. It is your enthusiasm, your eternal hope, that makes you go on. I know how you like to see the stubble roll under the plow, and I know how you like to see the new wheat sprout, and I know how you love to plunge your hands into the stream of grain coming out of the thresher."

"And a lot of good it does me. . . ."

"You are not the first one who has been betrayed by his love."

For a time they remained silent while she carefully drew together the hole in Billie's sock.

"Did Bill say they were going to sell his place, too?" she asked.

"No, his is a foreclosure. It's

only a couple of months off, though. And so is Les Anderson's and Will Miller's and Andy McGregor's. Two-thirds of the dry farmers in these hills will lose their places this year!"

There was a brilliant light dancing in the woman's eyes. "Alice said that Bill was going to sell what they have and go to California," she remarked.

"He'll never be able to get out of the state," Ben snapped.

"It seems as if there will be lots of horses on the market, now the spring work is about over," the woman observed.

Ben spoke again. "If I can't beat them to it we'll never be able to sell an animal. At that last auction Jim Norton sold a matched team for a hundred and a quarter."

"I wouldn't try to sell," said his wife without looking up.

Ben stopped in his pacing. "You wouldn't!"

"No."

With a little hurt but indulgent smile, he turned and looked down on her. "Well, what would you do?" Ben was not sarcastic. He just had never been impressed with women's opinions. Nor could he understand a woman's way of dealing with things. The only way he knew to deal with a problem was to fight it.

After a moment she replied, "I would keep them."

Ben rolled his eyes to heaven. "What would you keep them for!"

"Oh, we're apt to need them. In fact, I would take the money that you get from the wheat, and buy as many good plows and drills as you can get with it."

Glaring at the woman as if she were mad, he started to speak, then stopped, his mouth half open in consternation.

"Ben, come here and sit down," she urged. "We will never get out of this fix by walking the floor all night."

THERE were times, in his greatest extremity, when Ben found that he could listen to his wife. Usually she was too matter of fact and prosaic for him, usually he would tear himself loose and do something else rather than talk with her. But tonight he was tired. He had fought this question for weeks, and his soul was utterly exhausted. When he sat down, he slumped into his chair, with a blank, whipped expression covering his face.

His wife reached over and pulled the stub of a pencil from the bib of his overalls. On the edge of the farm paper she calculated in round, childish figures.

"Let's see; we have 160 acres in wheat . . . at ten bushels . . ."

A light of belligerency leaped into the man's eyes. "It should go twenty-five," he snapped. He felt intensely that the low figure which she proposed was an insult.

"Yes, it should," she repeated, "but it won't. I've seen only one year in the last ten that the wheat went twenty-five. You men remember that year so well that you think it is an average."

Ben was about to burst out and argue the question, but he let it pass with a gesture. Yet he dimly realized that she was right.

"One hundred and sixty acres at ten bushels is sixteen hundred. Now at fifty cents. . . ."

"Aw, the price can't stay down forever. We'll get more than that out of this year's crop. If we could just hold on. . . ."

"Yes, that's what we thought

last year. But the price is lower now than then. . . . That gives us about $800 to pay all expenses with and live. . . . Of course, we have to live," she added parenthetically.

THERE it was before him in cold figures. He had the feeling of having been trapped. How he hated these sessions! How he hated figures. Figures! As long as he could keep away from them, he could keep his mind somewhat at peace. But figures were the wreckers of fancy. How he loved to dream, day by day as he sat on his plow, watching the sod roll under; dream of the harvest, and fat sacks of grain littering his field like gorged banqueters. It was then that his ever present, effervescent hope would rise within him. How he loved the smell of the new damp earth, and the perfume of broken stems, and the steaming heat of the horses! That was grand soil . . . you could tell it was by the texture. Twenty-five bushel soil . . . yes, thirty, or fifty, if the rain came . . . But these last few years. . . . Everybody said that the climate was changing . . . getting dryer. It never used to be so dry that . . .

But there were the figures, stark, irrevocable. He looked at them.

"Well, by your own figures," he reminded her doggedly, "you can see that we can't go on. An' yet you say, 'Don't sell the horses!' "

Mary continued as if she had not heard him.

"I wonder who will buy this land?" she mused. "I wonder who will come here and live in this house? Who will plow this ground?"

"Say, somebody will snap this land up in hurry! This is the best land in the hills. Good soil, good slope, and a spring of excellent water, that lasts until August. Why shouldn't they?"

"Why should they?"

"Why should they!" It was totally incredible to Ben Hawkins that anyone should be such a fool as not to grab this land if they had the money.

"Will they buy it when thousands of acres just like it are going for taxes, or they are being foreclosed on mortgages? Jones' place has been idle for two years. No one would farm it, even rent free. You know that there are thousands of acres throughout these hills that are vacant right now."

"Well, that's just because the fellows haven't enough money to buy seed, and feed for their horses. They've had hard luck. . . ."

"It means," his wife insisted, with irritating logic, "that dry farming like this just simply doesn't pay."

THE inevitable truth sank into the man's work-numbed brain. Why of course, a person would be a fool to buy. He himself was a fool for trying to hang onto it. It was only his love for the land that . . . His picture of a great excited crowd surging about the Sheriff, anxiously waiting to bid on the land gradually faded, leaving that forlorn executive alone on his court house steps.

"Why Mary, maybe there won't be anyone . . ."

She allowed him to exult over this possibility for a moment, then continued, "Do you remember Billie's thumb last year, when he got it in the tie rope?"

Ben's wandering attention was suddenly jerked up. His wife had

a disconcerting way of starting off on a new subject without any cause at all, and then later making some obscure connection with the thing which they were talking about. He looked at her suspiciously.

"Well, what's that got to do . . ." He thought a minute, but gave it up. He dimly remembered having given up before. . .

"That horse was scared when Billie was trying to untie him, and when he reared back, it caught Billie's thumb in the rope.

"Well . . ." Ben pretended not to be much interested, but that he was listening merely to be polite.

"If Billie had just stood still, and not jerked back, he wouldn't have lost the end of his thumb."

"Well . . . still I . . ."

"We are in a tight place right now. If we don't jerk back, but wait for things to loosen up, maybe we will come out all right."

Ah! There was the connection. The imagination in it intrigued him, though he would never have admitted as much to his wife. Yes, he thought, yes, now if we just don't rear back. . . . It was a good idea. . . .

"I was thinking," the woman went on after awhile, "that even if we did lose this place, we can rent it back for little or nothing. We will be able to rent Bill's place too, and Andy's, and Will Miller's. They all join on, and would make a grand field if they were all in one piece. With enough horses and equipment we could work a thousand acres as well as we can work this that we have. The profit from, say, five hundred acres of wheat, if it all came to one family, would be enough. . . . And then, there might come one of those twenty-five bushel years again. . . ."

EIGHT years later, Bill Jensen drove along the east fence of a huge field which must contain, he calculated in quick side glances from the road, at least five thousand acres. He slowed up automatically where some grass-grown tracks turned in at a gate. He stopped his panting, sizzling old rattletrap, and snapping the decrepit door open and shut, he stepped to the ground. He looked about a bit, then crawled through the barb wire fence. When he was through, he turned and tested the tautness of the wire, remarking to himself of its good repair. He walked off over the finely-mulched soil to a point where once had stood the house in which he and his wife had spent long heartbreaking years. Not a vestige or sign of the old homesite remained. All was smooth rolled soil.

He shoved his hands deep into his pockets and viewed the landscape. Over to the west, across the rolling billows of land, he could see the place where Andy had once lived, but no house or barn was visible there now. To the south he turned. Les Anderson and Will Miller used to live down there, but now he could see only great waves of nodding grain. Bill shook his head and marveled at the change as he stood in the shimmering heat. In his day, the great silence of such moments was never marred except by the swish of the breeze through the dry grass, or the plaintive sweet song of the chirping sparrow. But now he could hear before him, and off to the west, the steady throb and roar of motors. He shook his head again.

As he gazed to the south through dim, half-shut eyes, his gaze caught the sight of rising billows of yellow dust. If it had

been black, it would have looked like the smoke of a fast-moving locomotive. Bill watched it idly for awhile, and in a surprisingly short time it developed into a new red truck which came tearing along the east fence, and bumped to a stop at his own gate. A half grown young man leaped from the cab, opened the gate, and with jamming gears, plunged the truck through the soft dirt for about fifty yards into the field.

Bill looked for a minute, then he shouted, "Well, if it isn't Billie Hawkins." Striding over to the truck, he held out his hand exclaiming, "Well say, Billie, don't you know me?"

The boy looked at the newcomer for a moment, then a flash of recognition flashed across his dust and grease begrimed face. "Well hello, Mr. Jensen. Where'd you drop in from? I thought you was in California."

"Oh, I have just been nosing about the old homestead," he replied, turning away. "Thought I'd come back home for awhile." The man stood idly by while the boy let down the end gate of the truck and dropped a large drum of gasoline on its side.

"I didn't expect to find you here," the old neighbor remarked. "I thought you'd all be moved out."

The boy glanced down at him. "Nope, we ain't moved out yet. Don't suppose we will, either."

"That so?" exclaimed the older man. "Well, well. Workin' for the man that bought all us poor devils out, eh?"

Billie grinned with something of a superior air. "Yep," he admitted non-committally.

THE roar of a motor which had been throbbing its crescendo for the last ten minutes grew suddenly louder as a caterpillar tractor thrust its blunt nose over the curve of the knoll. It pulled rapidly up to the truck and stopped, with the dust from its twelve sections of harrow settling in a grey film over everything.

Ben Hawkins, now older and more begrimed than ever, leaped from the seat and came forward. Bill stood where he was, looking over the whole outfit with an uncertain feeling of awe and respect. When Ben recognized the visitor, he came over quickly, exclaiming, "Well, well. Old Bill Jensen! Why, I thought you was in California."

Bill grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, I went down there, but we didn't have no luck." Then after a little awkward pause, he went on, "I worked for a Jap on an asparagus ranch for awhile; an' then we picked fruit a lot." He gazed about in envious interest. The boy was filling the tractor's tank with fuel oil, and its radiator with water.

"Hey, Billie," the father called. "Did you bring any drinking water up with you? My bag's dry."

"Yeah, here's a bag hanging on this side of the cab."

"Come an' have a drink," he invited his old neighbor with a wink.

When they had slaked their thirst Bill remarked, "Golly, but things have sure changed. You'd never think when we was all up here that things'd go this way, would you? Tractors, an' trucks, an' all that. They've sure made a difference, ain't they?"

"Yes they have," Ben agreed seriously, sweeping the vast stretches of land with a look of satisfaction.

WHEN Bill spoke again, it was with a little feeling of hesitation and embarrassment. "Well,

you've got a pretty good job here. Who owns the land now?"

"I own every foot of it," Ben announced with pride.

"You do! Why I thought they sold you out with the rest of us."

Ben nodded wisely. "Yeah, they did. But I stuck. I saw something here that I guess some others probably didn't. You see, years ago, we was farmin' pieces that were too small to support a family." Then he recited as if he were saying the words of someone else, "When your profit per acre is low, you've got to farm lots more acres to make a go of it."

"Well, well. So *you* own this place! By George, that's some different than when I saw you last."

Ben chuckled and shook his head depreciatingly. "Well, you know, when you've got your thumb in a rope, you hadn't better do much rearin' back, or you're goin' to lose your thumb. I always say, wait until things loosen up a bit, then work your thumb out."

He pulled on his gloves with a professional air. "You know, a man has to be pretty shrewd to beat this game."

He hustled over to the tractor and swung into the seat like an engineer mounting his locomotive. "Drive over to the house," he called back to Bill. "The road goes up around the corner. You'll find the house over where it used to be, only the place don't look the same now. Maybe the wife'll be able to scare us up a little something for supper."

Billie spun the motor, and Ben and his tractor were off again in a cloud of dust.

RETURN OF SPRING

By Lottie Hammer Singley

My Robin friends came back again,
As greying dawn burst into light
They settled on my window sill
And rested, weary from their flight.

Their rest was short; their aim was plain.
They builded well. And at their ease,
With perfect faith, through dripping rain
Nested in my apple trees.

I, too, was weary from life's flight,
Dark gripped my soul; no spring could be.
Their fortitude, their lilting song
Surrounded and enveloped me.

And through the message of a bird
I see more plainly life, my part;
I'll trust, rebuild, I'll try again;
Springtime has come into my heart.

Some Run

By Lena B. Price

SUNRISE! What a glorious morning for a sail!" cried Nell, as she gazed across the lake.

It was five o'clock, the night had been unusually sultry and the two little sons, one two and a half years old, the other six months, had been fretful but were now sleeping peacefully.

After thinking a moment Frank Blake turned to his wife and said, "I'll tell you what let's do, let's slip into our bathing suits and have a plunge in the lake for about ten minutes. Then while you get breakfast and put up a lunch, I'll bring the boat around to the pier, and we'll run over to Syracuse. The grapes should be ready by now in the Adams' orchard; we can do our shopping, visit with Will and Ida for an hour and start home about four-thirty. How will that be for an outing?"

"Glorious!" said Nell, as she grabbed her suit from the line and dashed into the house to put it on.

FRANK BLAKE and his wife had taken up a homestead on Antelope Island, one of the largest islands in the Great Salt Lake, and this was their first summer there. Their little cottage was built on a level plateau that rose gradually from the white sandy beach. A large fresh-water spring furnished the culinary water.

As they swam in invigorating abandon, Frank said, "The wind is exactly right for the trip and we should cross in forty-five minutes. Cook a good breakfast, Nell, these morning swims give a fellow a huge appetite."

"All right," she replied. "I'll race you to the house and start it at once," and she sped up the beach only to be overtaken, as she knew she would be. With their arms around each other they reached the house.

IN less than an hour everything was ready. The boat which had been freshly painted, with her gleaming mainsail and jib looked like a beautiful swan in the early sunshine. She was a comfortable, staunch little craft built especially for salt water with a broader beam than fresh water vessels. When Nell and the babies were settled the mainsail was raised and caught the breeze, and the boat glided out of the bay.

As she cleared the point Harry cried, "See Daddy, there's another boat." They looked, and in the cove adjoining their own bay was the "Night Hawk," a small lake steamer owned by an Investment Company. They had evidently come during the night to get fresh water from the spring and were getting up steam to continue their trip. "If I mistake not," said Frank, "we will land before they get started. Let's show them a thing or two in fast sailing. I didn't intend to use the jib, but we will put 'Louise' through her paces."

Eagerly Nell watched the steamer for signs of its starting. In the clear atmosphere every movement of the men on board could be seen for many miles. To be absolutely sure, however, she got the glasses Frank kept in a locker and watched so intently she could see them raising the anchor.

"How about it, Nell, have they started?" asked Frank.

"No, but they are all ready," she answered.

"All right, come and take the tiller while I lower the sail. We're across! Some run, I'll say!" and he laughed happily. How he did love the sport! Nell's sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks told how she too had enjoyed the excitement.

A SHORT walk brought them to the orchard and grape vineyard. The early peaches and pears were ripe and grapes hung in heavy bunches from the vines.

"Nell, can you think of anything the city has to offer that compares with what we have enjoyed this morning? Our joy in the beauty around us, the ever changing lake, the sunrise and sunsets that are not surpassed anywhere in the world, our morning swims before breakfast, that glorious sail across the lake and now this Eden where we are invited to partake of all the fruit we desire without restriction." A loving glance and a happy sigh was all the answer needed.

Leaving a basket to be filled upon their return, they walked to the store and purchased their needed supplies then called on their friends, Will and Ida Benson, who also had lived on the island but had come to Syracuse where the children could attend school. How time flies when kindred spirits meet! Dinner was over and it was time to start back. As they stepped outside they could feel a subtle change in the air. Nell glanced apprehensively at her husband's face. He gave her a reassuring smile and said, "We may have a bit of a blow before we reach home; the wind is not in our favor as it was this morning."

When they arrived at the orchard they saw Mr. Adams coming toward them. He had filled their basket and tied a cloth securely over the precious fruit to keep it in place. As he neared them Nell could read anxiety written upon his kindly face. "Better come to the house and stay with us tonight, Frank. I don't like the looks of the sky yonder."

"We may have a bit of a blow," answered Frank, "but I am sure we'll make it all right."

"Then take good care of those kiddies, and God be with you," said Mr. Adams as he shook their hands in parting.

THEY could see that the waves were running high and covered with white caps, but Nell knew her husband's skill with boats and had absolute confidence in his ability to pilot their little craft into their own harbor. "I'll reef the sail before we start," he said, "and you get the quilts from the locker to make yourself and the youngsters as comfortable as possible. Use the center board as a brace for your feet in case she pitches badly. We will have to tack the whole way across, which will mean a distance of nearly forty-five miles, instead of fifteen."

In spite of herself an unreasoning fear was gripping Nell's heart. The sun was no longer visible, black clouds were being driven across the sky, the waves struck the tiny craft with sledge hammer blows as she zigzagged her way across the lake. Suddenly it seemed as though the heavens were torn asunder, as a flash of lightning crashed across the sky and roll after roll of thunder deadened the roar of the waves. Nell felt in the locker for a light rope which she knew Frank always carried. Then she tied one end around Harry's body, using the rest to tie herself and the baby. No matter what happened, if it were to be the end, her babies must be found with her.

It was now so dark she could no

longer see her husband's face or hear his encouraging voice above the sound of the waves. She only knew they were going like mad through the blackness of the night. "If only the rain holds off," prayed Nell, "we will reach home sometime, but if it comes, heaven help us for we have no protection," and a great sob shook her. She knew the meaning of rain under those conditions. It came as a cloudburst and required strong men to bale the water out of the boat, it fell so fast. She had lived through one such storm and been saved only by a miracle.

Just then, through a rift in the clouds, the moon shone full for a moment then all was dark again, but it was long enough for Frank to see the outline of the island, and he shouted the glad news to her, "We'll be home in half an hour."

Was it in answer to her prayer, that moment of light in which she could see his face and hear his comforting voice? Be that as it may, the anguish passed and she lowered her head on her baby's curls and gave way to the tears of thanksgiving that need no longer be restrained.

True to his estimate Frank beached the boat within a rod of his own pier. Nell slipped the rope from the sleeping babies and her own body, straightened her cramped limbs, and with baby Noel in her arms, followed Frank, with Harry and the basket of fruit, up the shore to the house—or what was left of it. The kitchen had been unroofed and the south wall partly blown in, but the living room and bed room were intact. That was enough. She tucked the babies in their beds and prepared for her own.

"Look at the clock, Nell," said Frank, "just three a. m."

She blew out the light, and as she drifted off to sleep she heard Frank say, "Some Run!"

THIS story was the writer's own experience. The six-months-old baby mentioned, lived to bring honor to his native State, Utah. Noel Davis was born and reared in Salt Lake City. He graduated from the L. D. S. University in 1910, and then obtained an appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, from which school he was a graduate. During the World War he made a brilliant naval record. At the close of the war, Commander Davis was placed on the reserve list, while he attended Harvard law school, specializing in aviation law. After his graduation he wrote several books on aerodynamics which are now being used by navy pilots. He was killed when his plane, "The American Legion," crashed at Langly Field while testing it for a non-stop flight from New York to Paris. A landing field has since been named in his honor. When Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh flew over the home of Noel's mother in Oakley, Idaho, he dropped a greeting in honor of her illustrious son.

Hospitality

Dr. Rose H. Widtsoe
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SPRINGTIME is here. The air has been thoroughly washed and is filled with that peculiar odor that comes only in the early spring. Nature is giving the great out-of-doors its spring cleaning preparatory to putting on its fresh, green garb. Crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths and many other early spring flowers are adding variety of color and perfume.

The inside of our homes are likewise undergoing a change, the grimy walls and soiled window hangings are giving way to clean walls and freshened hangings. Rugs have been cleaned, floors, woodwork and furniture have been polished. Everything is clean and orderly.

Instinctively at this time of year we think of our friends, and in our thoughts, crystallizes a desire to do something for them. The spirit of hospitality is in the air.

Hospitality is so much a part of human nature that it seems to be instinctive. It came very early into the life of mankind. The spirit of giving was its chief characteristic. Throughout the ages it has mattered not whether it took the form of an elaborate, expensive feast given by tribal chiefs, the formal European dinner in honor of nobility, our elaborate occasional banquets such as characterize our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, or the sharing of whatever one has under the most humble conditions. There is no doubt but that the spirit of hospitality, entering into the darkness and confusion of early times and continuing to the present, has made its contribution to the development of civilization.

THROUGH the generations of the development of hospitality it has had as its central theme —sharing food. Later it came to include shelter. Breaking bread together under the roof of one's own home has long since been a symbol of friendship.

With the coming of Christ, great changes in the form of hospitality took place. Through His teachings of simplicity, kindliness and generosity, the extravagant, costly entertainments characteristic of the Greeks and Romans, gave way to the simple feast of the loaves and the fishes, the sharing of what-so-ever one had with those who had not. A splendid example of simple but wholesome hospitality has been set for us by the early Pilgrim Fathers, by the men and women who blazed the trails on our many frontiers, by our pioneers who were held together by bonds of friendship and adversity.

In modern life hospitality still plays an important role. It has assumed a variety of forms, but its chief characteristic is still closely connected with the sharing of food. The form of food service is immaterial, the spirit of giving is the main consideration.

THE art of home-making has made wonderful progress in every detail. The home owner is taking greater pride in the kind of house, its setting, and its interior and exterior decorations.

Landscape gardening and improvement of grounds has never before received so much consideration. With hospitality in the private home has come pride in doing whatever is done, on a higher standard than ever before.

Since much of our home hospitality has assumed the form of luncheon or dinner service, the desire to do this well, to conform to conventions in so far as it is practical, has become very pronounced. In an effort to assist those who have this desire and who are not familiar with many of the accepted conventions the author has drawn heavily upon these rules of table service, particularly as compiled by society's outstanding authority, Emily Post. Happily the modern trend is still further towards simplicity. The strictly formal dinner service has its place in society, but the occasions for such service are becoming fewer and fewer. The spirit of hospitality, the friendliness and charm may characterize the entertainment no matter how elaborate or how humble it may be.

Types of Dinner Service.

THERE are three distinct classifications of table service which automatically place the dinner service in its proper place. First, the strictly formal or European service in which every detail is studied, from the selection of the guest list, to be sure that all will be congenial, through the thoughtful selection of a suitable menu, the faultless laying of the table, the skillful service of the food, and last but not least, a charming hostess who has perfect poise, tact, understanding and graceful manners. The second or semi-formal dinner, spoken of as the American service, permits many modifications of the formal service. It may be very formal or it can be adapted to whatever is practical and sensible in terms of the family's particular circumstances. The third type of service or the family style is without the help of a waitress, where everything is served by the hostess at the table. A consideration of the formal service will give one a foundation upon which to build and to modify according to one's facilities. While this service is not so generally used, it serves as a model in most details.

Formal Dinner Service.

The Guest List.

THE responsibility of every hostess is to bring together only people who are congenial. The finest type of entertainment may be spoiled by discordant spirits. The number of guests should be limited to conveniences of space and equipment. Custom no longer requires written dinner invitations, except the strictly formal ceremonious dinners. Telephone invitations are perfectly in order. If at the last moment one or more of the guests has been under the necessity of sending regrets, which may be done by telephone, it is permissible to telephone an intimate friend and ask if she will do you a favor by filling a place at dinner. In this case the hostess does the telephoning herself. The friend is rather bound by good manners to accept if possible.

The Menu.

THE menu is thoughtfully prepared to preserve balance, palatability and ease of service. No season of the year offers greater possibilities than springtime.

Such a variety of fresh, green growing things, vegetables and fruits galore from our neighboring more tropical states; spring fries, spring lamb with its mint sauce and fresh green peas! Now that society has decreed that an accepted menu today must under no circumstances include more than four or five courses, it is an easy matter to decide upon a variety of menus that will be attractive. A five course dinner will include:

1. A fruit cocktail or a soup.
2. Fish or Entree.
3. Roast or other meat.
4. Salad.
5. Dessert.

If a hostess wishes to serve both a fruit cocktail and a soup she may omit the fish or entree. A four course dinner would also omit the entree. The fruit cocktail may be almost any combination of fresh or canned fruits. The soup will be clear, either a bouillon or consomme, never a rich heavy soup for a course dinner. The meat will usually be roast spring lamb boned and rolled or a crown roast of lamb, boned capon, or fillet mignon. Highly flavored or unusual meats should not be served at a company dinner. Two vegetables not including potatoes are desirable. New peas, buttered beets, string beans cut in thin slices and cooked uncovered, and carrots are among the favorites. Potatoes may or may not be served, but if served, pains should be taken to prepare them in an attractive manner. The common potato has many possibilities.

The salad course lends itself to an unlimited choice, it must however not be a heavy salad after a meat course. Relish vegetables such as lettuce, watercress, raw spinach, green peppers, etc., accompanied with fresh tomatoes, cooked string beans, raw fresh peas, pickled beets, grated carrots, or any of the fresh raw or canned fruits make delicious salads. A French dressing is more appropriate for such a salad than mayonnaise.

Frozen desserts are always in good taste for a dinner service and should be served without accompaniment unless it be a small service of sponge or angel cake or a wafer. Pie is not considered an appropriate dessert for a formal dinner.

Setting the Table.

EMILY POST says that the one unbreakable rule in table setting is that everything on the table must be geometrically spaced, the table must be set straight, the silence cloth must be smooth, the tablecloth, if of white damask, will be laid with the middle crease in a straight unwavering line down the center of the table. If the cloth is of lace or embroidery see that it is put on straight and is right side up. As to the propriety of using lace or embroidery tablecloths for a dinner service, the best authority says that in a low-ceilinged, beautifully decorated room with a highly polished table, they may be used. The tablecloth of white damask, however, is always in good taste for a formal dinner. Next in order is the centerpiece, usually a flower arrangement or it may be fruit or an ornament of silver, glass or china which needs no flowers. Whatever the centerpiece, it must be in the exact center of the table and low enough so as not to obstruct the view from one end of the table to the other. The places are set at least two feet from plate center to plate center. One must allow

sufficient elbow room and also room so that dishes may be passed without danger of spilling food.

The service plates which are always used with a formal service, are equally spaced around the table. The silver is then placed in the order in which it is to be used. The salad fork is placed on the left of each plate and nearest to it with the handle towards the edge of the table and prongs up; the meat fork is placed next, then the fish or entree fork if one is needed. On the right of the plate and nearest to it is the steel-bladed meat knife, then the silver fish knife if one is needed, and then the soup spoon and next the oyster fork or grapefruit spoon. Not more than three forks and three knives should ever be placed on the table at one time. Emily Post says that tarnished silver should never be used; that it is just as poor taste to use dull, tarnished silver as it is to use a wrinkled table-cloth. Additional silver is put on the table just preceding the course with which it is to be used. The water glass which is a goblet or tumbler is placed directly above the knives, at the right of the plate. If other glasses are needed they are placed at the right of the water glass running obliquely towards the edge of the table. Dinner napkins are folded square and laid flat in the service plate. If the napkin is very large the sides of the square fold may be tucked under. Napkins are placed at the left side of the plate only in semi-formal dinners when there is limited service and it is necessary to put food on the table. Bread should not be put in the napkin as was formerly done. Bread and butter plates are never put on a formal dinner table. The place cards should be put on the napkin in the center of the plate. If candlesticks are to be used there should be four placed at the four corners about half-way between the edge and the center of the table, or two candelabra may be used, placed at either end halfway between the end of the table and the centerpiece. If the candles are used without shades, which is the accepted style at present, the candlesticks or candelabra should be tall, carrying candles tall enough to carry the flame above the eyes of the guests. Dishes, bowls or ornaments are placed at the corners of the table between the candlesticks and centerpiece. Such dishes may hold candy, fruit or fancy cakes. Salted nuts do not belong in any dishes which remain on the table after it is crumbed. Properly nuts are put on the table either in two larger dishes or in small individual containers at each place. These are always removed with the salt and pepper pots after the salad course. The expression from "soup to nuts" does not apply to a formal dinner. The custom of serving nuts and raisins after the dessert applies only to an informal dinner. If the table is very large and appears rather bare, flowers in smaller vases may be used in addition to the center piece. Pepper pots and salt cellars should be put at every other place. Olives and celery are passed by the waitress during the soup course. Pickles have no place in a correct formal dinner menu.

Announcing the Dinner.

WHEN all is in readiness, the food ready to be served, the candles lighted, the waitress goes up to the hostess or catches her eye and says quietly, "Dinner is served." The place cards being on the table, the hostess does not di-

rect her guests where to sit. In a semi-formal service the hostess stands at her place and directs the seating by saying, "Mrs. Brown, will you sit at the right of the host, etc." When the guests enter the dining room for a formal dinner, the host will seat the guest of honor, if it is a woman, at his right and in like manner each gentleman will hold the chair of the lady on his right. The gentleman of honor will be seated at the right of the hostess.

Correct Service of a Formal Dinner.

IN every strictly formal dinner service, whether there are few or many being served, the routine is the same. In such a service no food is ever placed on the table, except ornamental dishes of fruit and candy. The meat is carved in the kitchen, vegetables are passed and returned to the side-table. From the setting of the table until it is cleared for dessert, a service plate must remain at each place. The relish course which may be oysters or clams are served on a small plate which is placed on the service plate. The plate holding the fish or fruit cocktail served in stemmed glasses, is placed on the service plate. At the end of such courses the small plate is removed leaving the service plate in place. The soup is served in the same manner except that when this course is removed the service plate is removed with the soup plate and a hot plate is immediately exchanged for the two taken away. The dessert plate is placed directly on the tablecloth or on a china plate. The order of service decrees that the hostess shall be served first but Emily Post says this is extremely rude. However, the lady at the foot of the table is served first and the dishes are passed to the right. With a second service the lady at the host's right is served first and the service proceeds to the right. As soon as the guests are seated and the first course is in place, the waitress goes to the right of each guest and fills the water glasses leaving them in their position at the point of the knife and using a folded napkin to catch the drop. As soon as the soup is served, the rolls are served from a basket. The old fashioned silver cake basket is ideal or a shallow wicker basket may be used. A napkin is placed in the bread container with the corners brought up over the rolls. A guest helps himself, laying the roll on the tablecloth. Bread and butter plates are never used at a formal dinner. Rolls should be passed frequently and the water glasses kept filled. All dishes are presented to the guests, held flat on the waitress's left hand—hot dishes require a folded napkin under them. A heavy meat platter is held in the left hand and steadied with the right hand. Each dish is supplied with the necessary serving silver. Usually this is a serving spoon and a fork. It may, however, be only a spoon. A second helping is never offered at a strictly formal dinner, so the serving dishes are taken directly to the kitchen after they are passed. The serving table is a half way station between the dining table and the kitchen. It holds extra cold plates, extra silver, the dessert plates, and the finger bowls. At all dinners, formal or otherwise, the table is cleared for dessert. The salad plates, salt and pepper dishes, unused silver and nut dishes are taken off on a tray—without a doily—and the crumbs are brushed off each place at the table with

a folded napkin into a tray or plate held under the edge of the table. A frozen dessert—ice cream—is the most popular American dessert. The glass plate for the ice cream, is placed on a china plate, with or without a doily between them. The glass finger bowl to match is brought in on the glass plate with the dessert spoon and fork on either side. The finger bowl is less than half filled with cold water. The guest lifts the finger bowl off and sets it just in front of his plate. The ice cream is served on the glass plate, after which the glass plate is removed and the china one left in place. The finger bowl may have a few violets or other small flowers put in it, but never a piece of lemon. There should be a waitress for every six persons served and a complete service for each waitress, otherwise food gets cold before all the guests are served. Dishes are never passed from hand to hand at a formal dinner. People may pass nuts or sweets near by but not circling the table. At the end of the dinner, when everyone is finished eating, the hostess rises and the guests quickly follow.

IT is a gross social error to be late to a dinner engagement. After waiting twenty minutes past the announced dinner hour, the dinner is served. When the late guest arrives he goes up to the hostess and apologizes for being late. The hostess remains seated and the guest merely shakes hands quickly in order that all the men at the table need not rise. The late comer starts with the course that is being served.

The Semi-Formal or American Service.

THE one detail that distinguishes the formal from the semi-formal American service is that there is no carving by the host at the table or serving by the hostess. In the American service the host carves at the table. In the formal service the carving is done in the kitchen, the meat is arranged on a platter and passed by the waitress to the left of each person who helps himself. In the American Service the meat is placed on a platter and set directly in front of the host who carves and serves the hot plate that is placed before him by the waitress. The waitress takes up the plate with the right hand, immediately replacing it with a hot plate with the left hand; she then goes to the one who is to be served as designated by the host, picking up the service plate or used plate and placing the served plate in its place. She then goes to the side table and leaves the soiled plate, getting a fresh hot plate, returning to the host and repeating the procedure until all are served. This service is usually simplified by putting the stack of hot plates in front of the host and the waitress lifts each plate as it is served and takes it to the person designated. When oll have been served she passes the vegetables. The soup and entree are served by the waitress. The water glasses are filled on the table and bread, relishes, etc., are passed by the waitress. This service may be still further simplified by placing the soup tureen and stack of soup plates in front of the hostess. The waitress carries the service to each person in turn. The water is on the table, and the bread and butter on each bread and butter plate before the guests are seated. The maid removes the soup course two plates at a time, stacks them quietly on the serving table and then removes the tureen. She brings in the stack of

hot dinner plates and sets them in front of the host who serves the plate with meat, stuffing, gravy, etc., and hands it either to the right or left and it is passed on to the person designated. No service plates are used with this service. Meantime the waitress brings in the vegetables and passes to the left of each person who has been served with meat. She also serves bread and keeps the water glasses filled. The salad and dessert are served by the hostess and passed by the waitress.

The American Service Table Setting.

THE table cover may be what you please, damask, table-runners or doilies with candlesticks or candelabra for evening light. The placing of the silver is the same as in the formal service. The service plate is used in the informal service only when it is to be used to set another service on. Otherwise each place is left plateless when the courses are removed.

Luncheon Service.

THE table is laid in much the same way as for a dinner with a few exceptions. Candles have no place on a luncheon or breakfast table unless they are really needed for light. The table cover is of lace, embroidery, or colored damask. Doilies, mats, or runners may be used. The decorations may be the same as for a dinner. If the luncheon is formal, service plates are used. The silver is the same as for dinner. The napkin is smaller than the dinner napkin and is folded in a square and laid on the service plate. When service plates are not used it may be placed on the table at the left of the place. The bread and butter plate is used at a luncheon. It is put at the left of each place just above the fork. Butter may be put on the plate before the meal is served, or it may be passed. Hot breads are an important feature of luncheons. These hot breads are passed by the waitress as often as they are needed. Bread and butter plates are removed just before the dessert is served, also the salt and pepper dishes.

The formal luncheon service is exactly the same as a formal dinner. The carving is done in the kitchen and no food is placed on the table except ornamental dishes, of fruit and candy. The table is cleared and crumbed before the dessert. The luncheon menu is seldom more than four courses which consist of fruit or soup in cups, a light entree of eggs or shell fish, meat and vegetables, salad and dessert. The soup must always be served in a cup, preferably a two-handled cup and it may be eaten with a teaspoon or bouillon spoon, or drunk from the cup. The soup must always be a light soup such as chicken or clam broth with a spoon of whipped cream on top, or strained chicken, or tomato broth. An informal luncheon may cut out one course and simpler dishes may be served. A luncheon should always include one hot dish.

There are many other food services that are attractive such as buffet suppers, breakfasts, and teas, but space will not permit further discussion.

THE selection, preparation and service of food is a big responsibility which cannot be left to tradition. It requires painstaking effort in the fields of Science

and Art together with experience in developing the necessary skills, to fully meet this responsibility. A woman can possess no finer accomplishment than to be able to select food which will insure adequate nutrition, cook it in such a manner as to preserve its nutritive value and increase its palatability and its digestion and to serve it attractively. If this can be successfully done for one's family, it can be done with ease and grace for one's friends.

Springtime and the Resurrection

By Grace W. Ball

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.
—*Robert Browning.*

SPRINGTIME and Easter are heavenly gifts to us and reveal beautiful promises of renewal of life to all nature and mankind.

Our Father in Heaven, once a year gives the earth the beautiful springtime. If He can give the earth the spring surely He can give the springtime to every other living thing.

For a little while we sorrow and grieve—when the leaves fall and the meadows and marshes turn brown. Winter comes and spreads its protecting mantle of silence over all that nature holds dear. Rest and a refining process of purification take the place of active growth.

Soon the gentle soft spring rains and warm radiant rays of sunshine permeate the earth and air announcing the renewal of the fragile beauty of early flowers, fresh bursting buds, tender shoots of bright green grass, and the joyous lilt of the first robins.

Then we step out of all dead things with a new hope—with rebirth from failure, heartbreak, sorrow and sin. We rise above the mist and fog of misunderstanding and doubt. Our yesterdays are all cancelled and buried deep. It is Easter, the commemoration of the resurrection of the Savior of the world, and we drink in the sunlit beauty of a new life beyond.

White Hyacinths

By Myrtle Wentworth

IF I had two loaves of bread," said a certain wise person, "I should sell one and buy white hyacinths for my soul." If I have two hours of time, shall I not profit by this suggestion and use one of them for the same purpose?

There are so many white hyacinths—and they are so lovely! How sad it is to go through life without gathering as many of them as possible. For, after all, it is the soul that is eternal, that should be enriched with beauty, grace, and intelligence, rather than spending all effort in making the body comfortable. It is very fortunate that most white hyacinths cost so little, except in time.

Where are these precious blooms found? We mention the radio. Of course, one must be very careful in this field to pick out the lovely flowers from the many weeds which surround them. But if searched with discrimination, one can find many blooms that are very much worth while. An organ recital, for instance, when the deep melodious tones roll forth soothes the fretted and weary mind. A travel talk may take one for a few brief moments away from the familiar fireside to distant places, dreamed of but never seen. Even a grand opera, formerly within reach of the very fortunate few, can now be enjoyed by anyone who is willing to spend a few hours of time.

Equally accessible, and oh, so delightful, is a good book of poetry. Nearly everyone reads—short stories, novels and so on, but only a comparatively few people have learned the joy that comes from reading poetry. The rhythm, the descriptions of nature, the emotions, the lofty thoughts, all offer a rich beauty to the soul that should never be missed.

Perhaps you are among those fortunate persons who can express themselves in song. If so, your joy will be greatly increased by lifting up your voice with those of other singers. There is always abundant opportunity in ward choirs, Relief Society choruses and similar groups, and your happiness here is increased because you are helping to fill the souls of others with the beauty of the white hyacinths.

How many of us have gone through life without learning the pleasure that comes from an intelligent appreciation of art? Or how many of us pass by the opportunities of viewing fine paintings? Many high schools have the beginnings of fine collections which some of the townspeople have never looked upon. Cities invariably have one or more galleries which are open to the public. If just one good picture could be placed in every home it would repay its cost many times over, for a fine picture is a "window of the soul."

For unlimited wealth of beauty, let us not forget the walk at twilight when dusk blots out the unlovely things of day and leaves only the soft, the gracious and the friendly. If you live in the city, walk to some high spot and look down upon the myriad twinkling lights that turn the city of bricks and stones into a fairyland. If your home is in the country, walk out and see the tall trees become the silent protecting guardians of the houses beneath

their branches. Watch the lights that shine forth from cottage windows, telling a story of warmth and cheer within. See a pasture become a covering of rich velvet with the cattle therein gathered together for the comforting presence of their kind.

Never neglect the richness that may come to your soul by the acquaintance of some superior person. Visit with her—not to spend idle hours, but for mutual encouragement, spiritual uplift and mental development. Exchange your flowers with her and you will both have larger and finer blossoms.

Gain white hyacinths for your soul by literally growing flowers in your garden. There is something so satisfying about putting tiny seeds that appear to be utter nonentities, into the ground and then watching while they send forth tender shoots of green to be followed by a gorgeous array of blooms. They respond so gratefully to the loving care you bestow upon them and they repay your efforts many times.

If you have no spot for an out-of-doors garden, then surely there is at least one south window in your house where you can keep a bit of living green to add brightness to both your home and your heart.

Very precious indeed, are the hours spent in meditation within the sacred walls of a house of God. Go early to your chapel on Sunday evening and sit in the dim recesses before the congregation has gathered. Throw aside the petty cares and small annoyances of the week and in their place, welcome into your soul the pure fragrance of love, peace and reverence.

SLEEP

By Christie Lund

We do not fear to sleep, gladly we go
Into the realm of the unknowable unknown;
Glad for the gentle darkness and the slow
Enveloping peace which soothes the mind, grown
Tired and eager for these hours of healing rest,
This quiet slumber beyond doubt and fear;
Glad for the night which comes as some dear guest
Whom we have known and loved for many a year.

We think of sleep as kind, the weary head,
The aching limbs sink deep in its embrace;
We go as children to the familiar bed
And leave the morning to an invisible grace.

To the lonely spirit and the weary mind
Will not death, too, seem infinitely kind?

Children's Reading

By Florence Ivins Hyde

No. IV—Romantic Period

"Could we give but one gift to every child,
We should choose the love of books."
—*William Fredrick Bigelow.**

IN the previous talks of this series we have attempted to discuss, briefly, the various interests of childhood in their relation to habits of reading and have given a few suggestions which might help to meet the demands of the periods up to 12 or 14.

At about this time, a new type of thing must be supplied. The rougher instincts begin to soften and romance and sentiments begin to develop. Your daughter no longer wants to be a tom-boy and your son begins to take pride in his personal appearance.

The crucial point in the guidance of children's reading during any period of life, lies in having certain books at hand at the psychological moment. For instance, it is a fatal thing to delay the first reading of *Alice in Wonderland,* to the reasoning years. Although the humor of the story cannot be appreciated until adulthood is reached, its imaginative value has made it a children's classic.

AT this period the interest in physical prowess which has dominated your child makes place for stories of fiery idealism in which knights risk limb and life in loyalty to principle or in defense of some fair lady.

At about 14, children begin to enjoy love stories and should have them. Some girls suffer real love sickness. This is Ellen Key's remedy. She says, "Boys will be attracted to girls. The thing to do is to satisfy this craving by giving love stories that are pure in tone and high in ideal, to make this feeling an elevating one rather than a debasing one." We can do this by tactfully leading them to delightful, wholesome stories, recent as well as old.

To guide their reading successfully, parents must get their point of view. At the period from 13 to 16 they will read what is interesting, not to you or me, but to them. More than ever before they want to select their own books. This is the time to place before them a variety of good things from which to choose.

AT this age fiction seems to sway all else, but there are other books which will stand up against this overwhelming urge. Boys and girls alike show a tremendous interest in themselves and will welcome such books as "Making the Most of Your Looks," by Dorothy Stote; "Being a Friend," by Bertha Conde, for girls; "The High School Boy and His Problems," by T. A. Clarke; "Keeping in Condition," by H. H. Moore, for boys.

At this age, too, they begin to want to know how to be successful. This is the function of biography. It is the *moral* element in history and serves two purposes. John Muir's story of his boyhood and youth, for boys, or Mary Austin's "Prom-

*Courtesy *Good Housekeeping Magazine.*

ised Land" for girls, are two of many that we may suggest.

Books of travel and adventure will also stand up against this fiction urge. The point is to get books with both action and adventure rather than books that are merely descriptive. Every boy will like Byrd's "Skyward" and most girls will be thrilled with the Japanese story of "The Daughter of a Samurai," by Sugimoto. Joseph Altsheler has now taken the place of Cooper. He takes the American boy into the wilderness making him realize his heritage in the history of his country. His appeal lies in three points—his deep love of nature, his ability to select subjects of human interest and a natural gift for story-telling. His stories may awaken an interest in Kipling, Stevenson, Dumas, Poe and Bret Harte.

NEVER forbid a book you think is not fit for your daughter to read. Psychologists tell us this is the surest way to create a desire for it. Take a chance on her not coming in contact with it and if she does, poke fun, with her, at its absurdity. Positive advice is so much better than negative! Call attention to a book you desire her to read by saying, "That is a *fine* story," rather than by saying, "Don't" of a bad book.

As mothers, we become over zealous in our efforts to keep our children innocent. The point to bear in mind may be that if the atmosphere of the book is natural, moral and healthy it is wisdom to let a girl read of both the good and bad in the world, thus preventing the development of a morbid curiosity. Lucile Fargo, a woman librarian and a student of children's tastes, says, "All you need to be sure of in fiction is that the story you give your boy or girl is well written, that it is true to life, and that it does not make crime attractive or immorality desirable." It is possible to give the right thing even in this age when so many "popular" novels are flooding the market.

A few shelves of books well chosen will be far more likely to give our young people the right start toward life and art than an expensive piece of furniture. Let us not begrudge the time this study will take. Mothers will then be doing a far more important thing than dusting furniture. Our sons and daughters are going to get their thrills somewhere. The real problem is to find out the sort they demand and feed them with the truth.

BOOKS TO OWN

"The Correct Thing," W. A. Stevens—etiquette for boys. "It's More Fun When You Know the Rules," Beatrice Pierce—for girls.

THE READING MOTHER

I had a mother who read me the things
That wholesome life to the boy heart brings—
Stories that stir with an upward touch,
Oh, that each mother of boys were such!

You may have tangible wealth untold;
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be—
I had a mother who read to me.

—*From the lovely poem by Strickland Gillilan.*

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

OH fickle April, through your cloudy mists
Are flowers, and songs and skies sun-kissed.

IN the spring the young maid's fancy madly turns to thoughts of clothes. Why not, with the shops gay as flower gardens with attractive gowns, blouses, accessories and hats—well, beyond description.

BESSIE PASTOR of New Jersey has manufactured a synthetic ice. She calls it Iccolite and declares it perfect for skating. It may not have as many thrills as a frozen river but is much safer.

DEANNA DURBIN is charming as ever in her latest picture "Mad About Music."

SONJA HENIE, piquant and popular, is one of the biggest money-makers in filmdom. The two amateur skaters Joan Tozzer and Audrey Peppe are becoming her competitors.

ISHBEL McDONALD, gifted daughter of the late Premier J. Ramsey McDonald, was quietly married last month to Norman Ridgeley in London.

FRANCES PERKINS, Secretary of Labor, asserts the loyalty of the American workers. She declares they only seek to improve their economic condition with no desire to undermine the system of private enterprise.

LUCILE PAPIN BORDEN'S "Starforth" and "The Joppa Door," by Hope Williams Sykes are popular late novels.

MELISSA S. MESSENGER, Eliza A. Munson and Lydia Metcalf of Utah, aged 95, 90, 93, respectively, are still engaging in social and welfare work. Each recently was the recipient of honors in her home community.

DR. ELLIS R. SHIPP, 91, who practiced her profession for over 60 years was one of eight women in Salt Lake City given a medal and singularly honored for civic service by the Salt Lake City Federation of Women's Clubs.

ROSA PONSELLE, metropolitan opera star, has taken a long vacation to enjoy a honeymoon with her polo-playing husband in California.

PRINCESSES RUBIJE, MYZEJAN, and MAXHIDE, sisters of King Zog of Albania, while in America lunched with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House. The conversation was in French.

EMMA GOLDERS STERNES' novel, "Some Plant Olive Trees" is a 19th century story of French exiles, colonizing in the Louisiana Territory. A similar story "The Checkered Years" by Edith Cawdrey, an early Dakota story, seems somewhat like the Icarians who occupied Nauvoo after the expulsion of the "Mormons."

MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK has resigned as commander of the Chinese air force but still Chinese women are being organized and trained to take up arms against Japan.

CENTENNIAL OF THE REVELATION ON TITHING

THE centennial anniversary of the first revelation in this dispensation on the subject of tithing will be celebrated on July 8th of this year. A Church-wide observance of this important event is now being planned, beginning in May, when Ward Teachers throughout the Church will carry the message of tithing to every home.

It was on July 8, 1838, at Far West, Missouri, when the Saints were in sore distress that they turned to the Lord for help for the Church. In response to the supplication of the Prophet Joseph Smith the answer was given as contained in Section 119 of the Doctrine and Covenants. which reads as follows:

1. Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the bishop of my church in Zion,

2. For the building of mine house, and for the laying of the foundation of Zion and for the priesthood, and for the debts of the Presidency of my Church.

3. And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people.

4. And after that, those who have thus been tithed shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually; and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy priesthood, saith the Lord.

5. Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you.

6. And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law, to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, behold, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you.

7. And this shall be an ensample unto all the stakes of Zion. Even so. Amen.

The program for the general observance of the anniversary will be announced soon.

FRIENDS are an aid to the young, to guard them from error; to the elderly, to attend to their wants and to supplement their failing power of action; to those in the prime of life, to assist them to noble deeds.—*Aristotle.*

GREATNESS is not absolute; comparison increases it or lessens it: A ship which looms large in the river seems tiny when on the ocean. —*Seneca.*

Notes To The Field

Literary Department.

ONE can scarcely contemplate hours more enjoyable than lie before the Relief Society literary classes this season in the review and study of "The Romance of an Old Playhouse," by George D. Pyper; nor ought one to begin without first paying a tribute to the author who in a simple and charming manner gives the history and genesis of a peerless institution and loved landmark of the pioneers.

Of importance is the fact that the building and operating of a high-class, beautiful theatre in the desert, became an almost unconscious temple of learning, wherein young and old may have gone, presumably to be amused, but at the same time imbibed a cultural knowledge of classical literature and histrionic art.

The book from the foreword to the close affords choice opportunity for enrichment whether followed chapter after chapter as written, or chapters by choice, as the director of the work may prefer. The introduction of suitable music, pictures, readings or perhaps an occasional dramatic presentation would enhance the interest. Perhaps in some old chest may be found albums or scrapbooks telling of some of these plays, or laid among some grandmother's treasures with a lace and ivory fan and a pair of white kid gloves, a program on which is written, "when I went with ..... to see Adelaide Neilson as Juliet," or "Junius Brutus Booth as King John," or "John McCullough as McBeth," or "heard the divine voice of Parepa Rosa," or "the magic tones of Ole Bull's violin" and so on ad infinitum. In many communities there are those who either by personal contact or at least by tradition could bring something of worthwhile interest, and always the plays and operas themselves by retelling give valuable entertainment.

It is interesting to note the long list of stars of first magnitude and read the titles of the plays presented during the stage coach days: Julia Dean Hayne, the Waldrons, the Couldocks and others. Here your local musicians might introduce some Elizabethan music or other early period, and readings or recitations from Shakespeare, Sheridan and others would be appropriate. The trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," selections from "Enoch Arden," or perhaps that lesson on human relations from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," where Topsy "who just growed" figures.

After the railroad, the later and more modern plays with all star casts, the light operas and the local dramatic and operatic companies all lend an unforgettable charm to the lessons. Remembered now with many heart throbs!

To have witnessed the tragedies, dramas, comedies portrayed by the world's most famous actors and actresses, to have heard the finest music interpreted by great masters of the divine art was the privilege of the patrons of the old theatre; it is the privilege of the present generation to vision it all again in the perusal of "The Romance of an Old Playhouse."

Work and Business Department.

DID you know in laundering that: To find out exactly how much soap to use with your kind of hard water, send a small bottle of

the water to one of the large soap companies. They'll tell you all about it.

For hard water, tri-sodium phosphate or one of the commercial water softeners will cut down on your soap bill. Add it to the hot wash water and wait about five minutes for the curds to form on the top. Skim and add the soap.

Tests have shown that neither overloading nor underloading your machine gives as good results as the normal load. Be guided by the recommendations which are made for your particular washing machine. Use the following figures—approximate, of course—as a guide:

Luncheon cloth or bath towel, one-half pound; pillow case, one-third pound; linen towel, one-sixth pound; night gown, one-third pound; cotton pajamas, two-thirds pound; man's shirt, one-half pound; boy's shirt, one-fourth pound; child's dress, one-third pound.

To make starch that won't lump and isn't likely to stick to the iron, follow these directions: Mix one-fourth cup starch with one-fourth cup cold water. Add five cups boiling water slowly. Boil two or three minutes or until clear. Boiling keeps the starch from sticking. Dilute with water to desired thickness.

Theology Department.

THE lesson *The Influence of the Christ on Civilization* refers to George Frederick Handel, composer of *The Messiah,* as an Englishman. In order that this statement may be clear in the minds of class leaders we quote the following from *Britannica*: "Handel, George Frederick (1685-1759), English musical composer, German by origin, was born at Halle in Lower Saxony, on the 23rd of February 1685. His name was Händel, but like most 18th century musicians who traveled, he compromised with its pronunciation by foreigners, and when in Italy spelled it Hendel, and in England (where he became naturalized) accepted the version Handel, which is therefore correct for English writers, while Händel remains the correct version in Germany. . . . The *Messiah* was produced at Dublin on the 13th of April 1742. . . . . His death took place in April 1759. He was buried in Westminster Abbey."

NEW EASTER NEWS

By Nephi Jensen

Speak not to me of endless death;
Beyond the Grave's dreadful portal
Ever stirs spirits' deathless breath
Waking souls to life immortal.

The One who heroically won
The Tomb's conquest and victory—
The Maker of earth, stars and sun,
Brought our unending life to be.

In Palmyra's temple of trees
Shone anew the Light resplendent,
A youth's troubled soul to appease
With truth and glory transcendent.

From out celestial burning,
Spoke again the voice Eternal
Answering a Seer's heart-yearning
With new Easter news, supernal.

Notes From The Field

By Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

Eastern States Mission

PRIOR to the creation of the New England Mission a survey was made of the Eastern States Mission by Relief Society Mission President Grace S. Colton. Every branch from Boston to Washington, D. C., was included. This survey showed a fine field of labor prepared for Sister Eyring and Sister Evans. The broad scope of Relief Society was revealed. In some localities there were Visiting Teachers. The excellent work of the Class Leaders had increased the membership and been the means of accomplishing good missionary work. Some branches had made the enviable record of one hundred per cent annual dues paid for two years. People generously responded to the Relief Society Special Activity project and donated supplies and cash. The spirit of cooperation was expressed in sewing for Red Cross. Though many of the organizations were small, the attendance was regular. Music played quite a part and groups of Singing Mothers were organized. The Scripture reading project was conducted most enthusiastically. The Magazine subscriptions were carried to new high levels. The President urged all the branches to write the history of their work and bring their records up to date.

The office is in receipt of the *Eastern Ensign* for February, 1938. This is a report of the Eastern States Mission with all the auxiliary work now in operation. The Relief Society is happy to acknowledge the excellent resume of its work under Relief Society President Priscilla L. Evans. The statistical report shows that all departments of the organization are in operation and the success of the work for the last year greatly in excess of the previous one.

ELIZA TILLERY

NELL C. ALLEMAN, Relief Society President of the Baltimore, Maryland, Branch, reports the following:

"The members of the Baltimore, Maryland Branch of the Relief Society are proud to have on the active roll Sister Eliza Tillery, shown in the picture holding a birthday cake presented to her at a party held in

her honor on her ninety-third birthday, October 26. One of the leading broadcasting stations in the state, WFBR, announced her birthday three different times, and sent her flowers for being awarded the title that day of 'Captain of the Old Guard.'

"Sister Tillery, still remarkably strong of body and keen of mind, tells, with a twinkle in her eyes, of the progress of the Church in Baltimore, of the missionaries who have come and gone, and of interesting events in the history of the country back to pre-Civil War times in Maryland.

"Sister Tillery reads eagerly without glasses each issue of the *Relief Society Magazine.*"

Logan Stake

THE President of Logan Stake reports increased interest in all phases of Relief Society work. This includes attendance at meetings and all forms of activity. The following account of a project carried out in one of the smaller wards gives an example of the frugality and thrift of the women.

To start the project an apron sale was held and from the proceeds, which the women reinvested, many things were accomplished. *Magazine* subscriptions were paid for, articles of clothing were reconditioned and sold, garden supplies were purchased, and materials for binding the *Magazine,* which was taught in the Work and Business meetings, were sold at a profit. Much good was accomplished and a tidy sum realized from the original investment.

Beaver Stake

IN this Stake the Singing Mothers have been very active and their influence is felt in stimulating interest in Relief Society. The picture below is the cast of a group from the Milford Ward who presented the beautiful cantata "Bethlehem," during the last mid-winter holidays.

Raft River Stake

FROM the President of the Raft River Stake Relief Society word comes that the organization is enjoying its work very much and has started the year with fine hopes for a most successful season. The ward conferences have been held and the great objective has been to offer in these meetings a program that would improve the regular weekly meetings. A part of the program was a model Work and Business

MILFORD WARD, BEAVER STAKE

meeting and demonstration. It was greatly appreciated, especially by the Priesthood members, and was a concrete example of what Relief Society is doing. The wards have each been asked to conduct in turn an ideal Work and Business meeting in this department at Union Meeting. Every ward has exhibited finished work and is greatly interested in the new feature.

The activity in the field of child health was very successful. Last summer the Relief Society arranged with local doctors to give physical examinations to the pre-school and school children. About 100 responded and had tonsils removed and other corrective work done. Those in the other wards came to Malta because the equipment was there and it was possible for them to return home in the evening. This two-day clinic was a great success and was a means of rendering much greatly needed service. A suitable home was used as a hospital and supplied with the equipment necessary. Since this time, a health unit has been organized consisting of Relief Society workers, with fine cooperation from the Parent-Teacher Association. Work is done under the supervision of the County nurses. After school started in the fall, a dental clinic was arranged for everyone needing help. This, too, was very satisfactory. The women and the County nurses give their time and service.

North Weber Stake

FROM this progressive Stake comes the following interesting account of some of the outstanding events of the Relief Society year's accomplishment:

"Our most outstanding events of 1937 were the Field Day and the Christmas Pageant.

"The purpose of the Field Day was to demonstrate what had been accomplished by the Work and Business Department. Each of the fourteen wards of the Stake arranged a dinner table symbolic of a chosen subject, with arrangements, decorations, and menu, all conforming with the motif represented. They were judged on the following points: conformity, 20 points; neatness, 20 points; artistic arrangements, 20 points; color harmony, 20 points; general effect, 20 points.

"The West Weber Ward, under the direction of Sister Charlotte Green, chose the theme, 'Let Thy Light So Shine.' A miniature lighthouse formed the centerpiece. This ward tied for first place with the Slaterville Ward which used a Japanese motif. Wilson Ward, with a patriotic theme, and Marriott Ward, with an Hawaiian setting, were awarded second places. Third places were awarded to Harrisville Ward, with a Southern motif, and to Ogden Fifteenth Ward, with a Hobo Jungle Town idea. Honorable mention was made of Ogden Tenth Ward's Bridal Luncheon, and Ogden Third Ward's Blue and Gold display.

"The afternoon's activities were under the supervision of Stake President, Julia E. Parry, and the contest was directed by Erica L. Soderberg, Work and Business director.

"On the evening of December 29, 'The Life of Christ,' a pageant written and directed by Laura Moench Jenkins, was presented in the Weber County High School Auditorium. Scenes from the ministry of the Savior were portrayed in tableaux. Some of them were, 'The Babe of Bethlehem,' 'Jesus in the Temple,' 'The Beatitudes,' 'Jesus

NORTH WEBER STAKE

Blesses Little Children,' 'The Ten Virgins,' and 'Mary, Mother of Jesus, at the Cross.'

"The music was under the direction of Stake Chorister, Eliza M. Kerr, and Stake Organist, Julia A. Bingham. The text was read by Hulvia Upton."

EDUCATION is a controlling grace to the young, consolation to the old, wealth to the poor, and ornament to the rich.—*Diogenes.*

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JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editorials

Growth and Leadership

A WORTHY program coupled with able leadership generally assures growth and continued existence to an organization. The great church to which you and I belong, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, offers a perfect program of life and salvation to its membership, one that assures peace, comfort, strength and security. Its leadership has always been without peer.

On April 6, the Church will be 108 years of age. From a very small membership it has grown until today its membership approaches 800,000 in number, living in all parts of the world. There are 121 established stakes, 1,104 wards, and 32 missions. The vitality and phenomenal growth of the Church lies in its divine origin and inspired leadership. Apostle Orson F. Whitney says, "Mormonism is strong because God is its author—the engineer directing its course, and all the might of Omnipotence is behind it, impelling it on to its destiny."

Joseph Smith, Jr., the prophet, seer, and revelator, through whom was restored to earth the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the nineteenth century, founded a religious organization which has made his name known among most of the civilized nations. The marvelous enlargement of the work under the six inspired and intelligent leaders who have followed the Prophet Joseph has increased the faith of the members in the organization itself and in the things for which it stands.

Brigham Young, the second leader was made president, December 24, 1847. Known as an "Empire Founder" it has been said of him, "He was for daring a Cromwell, for executive force a Moses." George Q. Cannon at the time of President Young's death said of him, "From the organization of the Church, and the construction of Temples, the building of Tabernacles; from the creation of a provisional state government and a Ter-

ritorial government, down to the smallest matter of directing the making of the seats upon which we sit this day; upon all these things as well as upon the settlements of the Territory, the impress of his genius is apparent."

With the passing of President Young a new leader was raised up. October 10, 1880, John Taylor was made president. President Taylor possessed a spirituality and a veneration for God and truth so great that few men in this world have equaled him in the possession of such qualities.

Following the death of President Taylor, Wilford Woodruff was sustained April 7, 1889, to lead in the task of building on earth "the Kingdom of God." Never was a leader more loved by his people than he. Loved by his own and respected by the nation, thus he advanced the work of the Church.

Lorenzo Snow, the fifth president, was sustained Sept. 13, 1898. There is not to be found a more interesting or inspired man. Placidity of mind, even in the midst of trouble and danger was characteristic of this great leader. He was a natural financier, and at the same time a spiritually-minded man, of literary tastes and poetic temperament; a broad-minded and charitable man. His administration, though short, was one of the most notable in the history of the Church because of the improvement in the temporal as well as spiritual condition.

Joseph F. Smith followed President Snow, October 17, 1901, a friend of the people, easily approached, a wise counselor, and a man of broad views. Inured to hardships, patient in trial, God-fearing, self-sacrificing, full of love for the human race, powerful in spiritual, mental and physical strength he carried forward the work of the Lord as ably as any who had gone before.

November 23, 1918, Heber J. Grant became president of the Church, than whom there has been no more zealous leader. Self-effort and force of determination are outstanding character qualities of this great man. An eminent business man, a courageous and powerful spiritual and religious leader, he is today revered by thousands the world over.

The Church has always known courageous, tireless, inspired leadership, men who have given their all to the establishment of the Gospel upon the earth in this day. The Latter-day Saint Church has the truth. As long as its members seek after the truth, following the teachings and counsel of those chosen to lead, the Church will continue to grow and bring unbounded blessings to its thousands of members.

Women's Opinions

BEGINNING with the February issue, the Ladies' Home Journal is reporting a new nation-wide survey on what the women of America think about marriage, divorce, birth control, money, war, strikes, and other human problems. Thirty-seven million women have been interviewed, representing all classes, degrees of education, and religious beliefs, in an effort to get a scientific cross section of women's opinions. The answers have been tabulated with precision. The Journal states that this is the first time that an effort has been made to measure the opinion of American women on social and human rela-

tionship problems. The opinions regarding the various problems are to be released monthly.

The February issue dealt with marriage and divorce and revealed some interesting and challenging ideas. Sixty-nine per cent of the women believe in divorce, with the highest income groups showing the highest percentage. Ninety-four per cent believe in uniform divorce laws. The survey shows that women believe money to be the chief cause of friction in marriage. Many traditionally accepted theories about marital friction are refuted. Kindness and consideration, the ability to provide, and faithfulness are listed as the most essential qualifications of a husband. A wife should be first a good homemaker, with a good disposition, kindness and consideration next in line.

The answers on the problem of birth control show that a majority of the women believe in having children. Ninety-eight per cent of the mothers said they are glad they have children; 40 per cent said they wish they had more than they have.

Opinions regarding money are interesting. Thirty dollars a week is considered enough, in the average community, on which to start married life; expenditures for the wife's clothes are considered the chief cause of financial discord in the home; money should be controlled by neither husband nor wife, but by both. Of special interest are the opinions on installment buying.

The articles are interesting and the answers given important. The very fact that the *Journal* is undertaking such a survey shows that women's opinions are being recognized. The thinking of women today will profoundly influence the laws of tomorrow. There are many laws definitely affecting home and family life with which women are dissatisfied and which women today are qualified to improve. Women banded together are a force for right.

Parents and schools may well be awakened to their responsibilities in placing greater emphasis upon homemaking, particularly the financial aspects.

Women profoundly influence the boys and girls of the nation as they grow to maturity. Much depends upon what women are thinking.

Martha Horne Tingey

AS we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."—Gal. 6:10.

Forty-nine years in the general presidency of the Y. W. M. I. A. provided Sister Martha Horne Tingey abundant opportunity to do good, especially to the girls and women of the Church. That these opportunities were utilized to the fullest, thousands can bear testimony. Called to act as counselor to Sister Elmina S. Taylor, the first general president of Y. W. M. I. A., when but twenty-three years of age, Sister Tingey served with love and efficiency until ill health made it necessary for her to retire as President in 1929. During her presidency the Y. W. M. I. A. grew in membership and increased in interest and activity. Traveling throughout the stakes she has made many friends who hold her in fond remembrance. Her passing March 11, 1938, leaves a Latter-day Saint sisterhood grateful for a life faithfully and effectively lived.

Music Department

Memorization

By Alta B. Cassity

THE importance of memorization of music can hardly be overestimated. To be able to memorize, it is necessary to attend particularly to the thing at hand. Thus we see that concentration is the foundation of all memory work, so it follows that the more one concentrates the more rapidly one is able to memorize.

All music should be memorized as quickly as possible for only in this way can the best rendition be had.

Finer interpretative study can be accomplished when the performer knows by memory the material elements of a composition and its performance.

The mind can concentrate upon hearing and feeling a composition only when demands on other senses such as sight for example, (reading of notes) are eliminated.

It is possible to achieve greater artistic insight when all pieces are memorized. This fact alone stresses the importance of memorizing.

There are various ways of doing this work. Some people visualize, that is, actually see the printed page mentally when singing or playing. Others memorize kinaesthetically, that is, depending on the fingers in playing, or on habits formed of singing certain tones, repeated, in vocal music until a fixed mode is established.

Memorizing comes from the association of ideas, directly or indirectly related to the actual notes of the score. The association of two or more ideas with a note will identify that note with the preceding notes more strongly than mere repetition of the note *unrelated*.

It is advisable to memorize only a small section of a composition at a time as better results are obtained than when the entire number is attempted at once. When the mind is given too much to assimilate at one time the small details are likely to escape notice.

An eminent present-day artist and teacher, Robert Schmitz, has listed some forms of association of ideas which contribute to memorizing, as follows:

1. Accuracy in sight reading, because first impressions are most vivid.
2. Harmonic analysis, modulation.
3. Form analysis.
4. Rhythmical analysis.
5. Visual memory according to aspect of music on the page.
6. Ear memory correlated with intervals.

Memorization is an automatic process when correct emphasis is placed on the various ways of practice. Very often performers will have a number memorized without being aware of it, if the different methods of practice have been carried out properly.

Some people seem to memorize much more easily than others, but after all, it is a habit which can be acquired and should be cultivated by everyone.

Outside Interests

By Sara O. Moss

PATRICIA ambled along beside her husband, as she always did in spring and summer, showing him a new-blown rose here and there, or the pansy bed and the bleeding hearts. This little walk around the lawns had become quite a habit with the Fenstones prior to Thomas entering his high powered car and driving away to his business each morning.

"Well!" said Patricia, stopping suddenly to stare at a moving van pulling into the driveway of the vacant cottage across the street. "I'll bet it's another big family! It certainly is Thomas! See that baby buggy they're unloading, and the tricycle and the wagon!"

Thomas laughed heartily as he hurried to his car. "I'm late," he said. "Don't worry too much about the kids that family might not have."

But Patricia did worry. The last family that had lived there, and had moved because the payments on the house were too high for a meagre income, had had boys. Lots of boys who ganged and played street games, like baseball and run sheep. Sometimes the big rough feet had tramped among Patricia's flowers to retrieve a stray ball. Once a window was broken, and often the young tikes hid in the expensive shrubs surrounding the Fenstone grounds. Boys were awful!

A small car drove up to the cottage too, and as Patricia had surmised, quite a drove of youngsters tumbled out.

"Thank goodness there's some girls," said Patricia, hidden from view by her dense shrubs. "They're little too. Oh, there's a good sized one though, and there's a boy. Let's see, there's two, three, four, five, six. That poor woman! I do hope she keeps them home."

THE new family went about the usual tasks which moving involves, and after some days of strenuous labor, the cottage attained a livable appearance. The family seemed to settle themselves in the new surroundings without bother or trouble to anyone, nor did they find any excuses to call upon their neighbors, who lived in the expensive homes along the block. The windows of the little house were washed until they shone, and pretty curtains and potted plants adorned them. The screened porch too, looked inviting, with its bright rugs, wicker and pillows.

"She must be quite a homemaker," Patricia told her husband one morning, as they walked over their grounds. "That house has never looked so clean, or so homelike before. But still, it will always be an eyesore in the neighborhood. It's so old-fashioned and the families that move in and out never seem to have enough money to buy paint. I wish it wasn't there." But Thomas cared little and gave no thought to the cottage, although Patricia's comments on her neighbors amused him greatly, but so long as the people didn't bother him, it did not matter whether the occupants of the shabby house painted it, or whether they had ten children or none.

AFTER an interval of ten days, Patricia called on her new neighbors and found Mrs. Wesley to be a retiring little woman, but a charming one too. Her home was

orderly and neat and her inexpensive furnishings tastefully arranged to meet the requirements of her six children. Patricia found also, that Mrs. Wesley had no social aspirations in the neighborhood, and seemed perfectly content with life as she lived it—busy, healthy, and happy.

"Poor thing!" thought Patricia. "One wouldn't think life could be worth living. No outside interests of any kind. I think I should go mad!"

Still it was quite nice here. The cooling drink served by the oldest girl, who was twelve, was a lovely gesture of hospitality. Patricia was afraid she was going to like Mrs. Wesley and her family in spite of herself, and her prejudice of the little old cottage had eased into indifference for the present.

"Well I must run along now," said Patricia. "I have so much to do today. I am serving on the committee of Conservation of National Resources, and we expect to have several meetings in the near future. I am busy getting material and speakers."

"How interesting!" said Mrs. Wesley. "I have a sister, Nell, who does that very thing." But Patricia was moving along, feeling important as a public-spirited woman who was in a position to entertain even celebrities in her home because she was rich, because she had leisure. There was never anything she really enjoyed so much as having her picture snapped at the airport, meeting important figures who stepped from the planes.

SO the late summer passed into autumn days, the two women having had few visits, probably because each was so busy; probably too, because their interests were so varied and far apart. Patricia was grateful that Mrs. Wesley had kept her children home. Still she had enjoyed those two little tikes who sometimes toddled across the street to her lawns. Such talkers! And that oldest girl was charming!

One day in late autumn, Patricia was ringing Mrs. Wesley's doorbell.

"Oh, Mrs. Fenstone! Such a surprise! Do come in."

But Patricia had no time today. "I'm sorry I can't stay Mrs. Wesley, I'm so rushed. We're having our big meeting on Conservation tonight at the auditorium, and we're having a famous speaker from Washington, D. C. I shall probably be expected to meet her, and most likely have her to dinner." Patricia was out of breath, but she felt so important. Rather fun to let people know what prestige you held in the community. Then seeing Mrs. Wesley's tired face and work-worn hands, she said, "Perhaps you would like to come. I think you would enjoy it, you have to stay in so much." She was really sincere, for she liked Mrs. Wesley.

Mrs. Wesley considered. "I'll see. Perhaps I can leave the babies with my husband."

Patricia smiled warmly, and started down the steps, all but forgetting her errand. "Oh, I nearly forgot. I have a telephone message for you from your sister. She said it was Nell calling. She asked me to let you know she was in town and would be right out."

Mrs. Wesley was taken aback, but happily surprised.

"Oh not really! I can hardly believe it. I haven't seen Nell for two years! I'm sorry you had to bother though, Mrs. Fenstone. I wish we could afford a telephone, but you know how it is when the children are small. . . . To think Nell is here. . . . I'll have to change

this dress if she's coming right out. . . ."

Patricia was glad to see her little neighbor so happy. She surely needed something to brighten her drab existence. Then she remembered her many duties for the day, and started down the path against the autumn wind with a hurried, "Try to come, Mrs. Wesley."

It was then Mrs. Wesley thought of something. "Mrs. Fenstone," she called, "Nell must be. . . ."

But Patricia was half way home and did not hear her, so intent was she on meeting the famous Washington speaker, Mrs. Cowels. As she ran along to her home, she hoped the woman would arrive by plane. A plane made such a smart setting for a snapshot.

THE auditorium was filled to capacity and Patricia, as chairman, looked regal, as she sat behind the banks of potted plants, lending charm and beauty to the affair. She was a little nervous though. The speaker had not arrived, only a message had come saying she would be on time. Patricia hoped so. An intelligent audience waited patiently for the meeting to begin. Then Patricia saw Mrs. Wesley enter the door. She did get here after all! Little home body! She's probably wondering what this is all about. But who is that distinguished looking woman with her? They look alike. Why that must be Nellie. They're coming right up in front, too. Well of all things! It's Mrs. Cowels!

Patricia hardly heard what the woman said all evening. She was thinking of the little old cottage, the cottage she had said was such an "eye-sore" among the lovely homes along the block, yet it had welcomed the woman speaking; a woman who was known from coast to coast, and a woman whom Patricia had so urgently hoped to "cultivate."

Mrs. Cowels was holding the audience spell-bound.

"We talk about conservation. We plead with an adult public to build up the defenses we've torn down; defenses which will take three hundred years to rebuild. But it's our children to whom we must turn. . . ."

PATRICIA felt lonely among all those people. She wanted to be home with all her beautiful surroundings and with Thomas. But home was sometimes lonely, too, with just Thomas. It was so quiet and so still. There should have been more in so large a house. What was the use? Her thoughts raced through her brain, commanding her, defending her, upbraiding her. She hadn't been fair with humanity, with the Wesleys, and with the cottage. She had been a poor neighbor. She could have tended those little tots once in a while. She could have loaned the oldest girl some books, and given all Mrs. Wesley's children the use of the beautiful pool in her back yard through the hot summer days. She had been striving for public acclaim, for praise and honor from the activities she called "outside interests," and had pitied Mrs. Wesley for having so little, yet now Patricia realized she had everything worth while.

Patricia felt suddenly very tired, as the meeting dragged through to the end. She thanked the speaker, the committee and the audience. Out of courtesy she asked Mrs. Cowels and Mrs. Wesley if she could drive them home. To her surprise they accepted gratefully.

When Patricia stopped at the cottage to let her occupants out, Mrs. Wesley graciously asked her in.

"Run over and get your husband, and we'll have a bite of lunch. I

know you and Nellie will have so much to talk about. Our husbands can at least talk cars and fishing."

Patricia laughed, but said humbly, "You're so sweet Mrs. Wesley. You don't know what it means to me."

Mrs. Wesley never did know, quite, what it had all meant to a new Patricia.

Inspiration

By Lola Sedgwick

I STOOD in silent awe and admiration before the completed handiwork of a great master. "The Mystery of Life" conceived in marble was doing to my soul what the artist had intended his work to do. Each carved figure, perfect in its beauty, whispered a message to my soul. Ten minutes passed before I was aware of the function of breathing. I wanted to keep the spell of beauty, which for a moment had been mine. When at last I drew a quivering breath, I wished with my whole being that the good Lord had given me the talent of creating beauty. I longed for the power to give the world a masterpiece, that humanity might be uplifted through my efforts and thrill as I was being thrilled by the perfect piece of statuary before me.

I sighed for I knew my clumsy hands couldn't fashion a small clay vase perfectly.

Then the voice of inspiration whispered to me. "But you can give the world a masterpiece, a work of true art. Instead of hard marble to work with, you have a pliable human soul and body, a tiny bit of raw material given by God to be fashioned as you will. Select carefully the proper tools to smooth away the rough places, tools of love, kindness and patience. Keep them sharpened and new by education. Keep them shining and beautiful through constant humble contact with the Great Giver of all truth. Yes you can strive to give to the world a human breathing masterpiece, one who will hold the Priesthood of God. How wide and lasting can be his influence for good and beauty!"

I hurried home to my fresh bundle of new humanity, thrilled and happy with my new ambition, yet fearful of my great responsibility. Who was I to dare work on a piece of God's handiwork? Yet he had given my baby to me. I could do my best. I lifted him lovingly and breathed a prayer that I might always carry in my heart the inspiration of "The Mystery of Life," that each day my mother work be done well and joyfully to complete a work of art.

LITTLE THINGS

By Roberta Bates

I love best the little things—
A tiny nest . . . a bird that sings . . .
A wild white rose . . . a pansy face . . .
A doily of fine Irish lace . . .
A wee brown house . . . a baby's smile . . .
It's little things make life worth while.

Women of the Battalion

By J. B. Jennings

YOU shall have your battalion, Captain Allen," said Brigham Young, "and if there are not young men enough, we will take the old men; and if they are not enough, we will take the women."

There is something of grim humor in the words by which President Young promised a battalion of Mormon volunteers for the service of the nation in the war with Mexico. The march was to be across long desert reaches where it was difficult for any living thing to survive, through mountain gorges where a path must be made with pickaxe and crowbar—more than two thousand miles over the trackless wastes of Western America. It was a venture which only the young and hardy could undertake with any prospect of surviving, yet, almost as if Brigham Young had spoken with the vision of a prophet, women did set forth with their husbands upon that historic march to the sea.

HISTORY has been kind to the men who comprised the Battalion, and their names are recorded in its pages for the information of posterity. Yet the brave women who accompanied their husbands, like so many of the brave women of the past, have received scant mention in the chronicles of the march of the Mormon Battalion. If their deed was not so spectacular, it was equally courageous.

About sixty women and children accompanied the volunteers when they set out upon their pilgrimage from the Mormon camps in Missouri. The first leg of the march was to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, from whence the company was to set forth on the arduous journey to California via Santa Fe. Even before reaching Fort Leavenworth they experienced considerable hardship. One man died and others were stricken with fever before many miles had been covered. A wagon in which were riding the sick and a number of women upset while crossing a creek. Such incidents were not uncommon even in the early stages of the journey.

Fort Leavenworth was reached by the first of August. Here the Battalion was fully organized, equipment was issued to the men, and provisions were gathered for the journey. By the middle of August the march was resumed. Santa Fe seven hundred miles away over an almost trackless wilderness, was the destination.

Food was not always to be had in sufficient quantities to satisfy the hunger of the Battalion. It was sometimes necessary to make a day's march—and on at least one occasion a hundred miles were traveled—without water. Fuel was so scarce on the desert that it was often impossible to build fires. Henry Standage describes in his journal what was perhaps a typical day in the life of the Battalion: "Started soon after daylight and commenced our toils on this sandy desert; not a drop of water to be seen this morning, nothing to look at but a large dreary desert and here and there a herd of buffaloes or antelopes. I suffered much more than yesterday for want of water; found some rain water about 2 o'clock;

drank some of it which seemed to be a blessing. About night we came to a creek called Sand Creek and encamped. Some little grass; 26 miles today."

What must have been bitter tragedy to the women and children is described in terse, laconic phrases, "Bro. Dimick Huntington had a cow killed by lightning this evening. He belonged to Co. D. and had his family along."

Sickness was common and an occasional death occurred. On August 28, an aged woman named Jane Bosco, died. Two days later, on a Sunday, her husband John Bosco also died. The aged couple had intended to accompany the Battalion to California, where they had expected to settle with others of the Saints. They were buried near the camp, together in death as they had been in life; large stones were heaped over the graves so that those who slept might not be disturbed by wolves; and the march was resumed.

Almost every day some progress was made, even though nightfall sometimes found the Battalion encamped but a few miles further along the trail. The mules and oxen frequently gave out and many of them had to be left behind. The volunteers wore themselves out attempting to help the animals drag the heavy wagons through the desert sands.

ON the evening of October 9, 1846, the first division of the Battalion marched into Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. They were greeted with a salute of one hundred guns ordered by General Doniphan, commander of the post. The remainder of the Battalion did not arrive until three days later. We can judge the arduousness of the march by the fact that at Santa Fe many of the men were deemed too ill to proceed further.

There was yet before the Battalion a march of more than one thousand miles through country that was virtually a pathless desert. General Doniphan and Colonel P. St. George Cooke, who headed the Battalion, therefore offered to send the invalided volunteers and the women and children who belonged to the Battalion to Pueblo for the winter rather than have them attempt to reach the Coast. Pueblo was then the rallying point for many of the Saints, who were westward bound, and the offer of escort and assistance to Pueblo for the sick and the women and children was therefore accepted.

Goodbyes were said at Santa Fe, the half-way mark in the Battalion's march to the sea. Those who were able trudged on toward San Diego, still more than a thousand miles away; the others wintered in Pueblo, one hundred and eighty miles from Santa Fe, in company with a group of converts from Mississippi. During the following year many of them made their way to Great Salt Lake Valley. Four Mormon wives made the entire journey, which has been described as unequalled in history for a march made by infantry.

Personality

By Elsie C. Carroll

SHE is beautiful. She is brilliant. She is efficient. She is clever. She has a wonderful personality. Perhaps any of the above tributes would be music to a woman's ears. But to a great many, the last would be most highly prized.

At a convention of the American Association of Psychologists, considerable attention was given to the subject of personality. Such questions were considered as: What is personality? Of what characteristics is it composed? What relation does it bear to mental hygiene, to social adjustments? How is it related to crime, to success, to happiness, and how can it be cultivated? A number of interesting papers were given reporting various studies in this complex field.

One study of special significance aimed to determine what characteristics, or traits, make up a pleasing personality. Over a period of several years this study has been in progress at the Horace Mann school in Teachers' College at Columbia University. The professor who gave the report took the high school girls of this institution as a group for study. He chose them, because they were girls from well-to-do families, who had more than average opportunities for cultural contacts and training. In other words, they were girls who should have a lot of personality according to popular understanding.

These girls were asked at different intervals during the period of the study to list the members of their group according to the best or most pleasing personalities. The teachers of these girls made similar lists. The girls and teachers also listed what they considered the particular traits which contributed to the pleasingness or charm of each girl's personality.

Another part of the procedure was to obtain from each girl and each teacher a list of the names of five persons, other than relatives, most loved or liked, and a summary of the characteristics which drew forth that love.

The psychologist found that the girls and their teachers listed forty-six personality traits, which fell into eight groups. According to the judgments of these persons, a girl has a pleasing personality if she has one or more of the following classes of traits:

1. If she is entertaining, that is, interesting, amusing, original, etc.
2. If she is brilliant, having competence, wit, a sense of humor.
3. If she has culture, under which were included talents, accomplishments, broad interests, etc.
4. If she is just, fair in her dealings with others, has good judgment, is idealistic, broad-minded.
5. If she is attractive, pretty, athletic, endowed with or accomplished in the social graces.
6. If she is a good-fellow, possessing naturalness, frankness, generosity, good-sportsmanship.
7. If she is a good neighbor, dependable, loyal, tolerant, unselfish.
8. If she is diplomatic, that is, tactful, adaptable, has a pleasing voice, etc.

The traits which both the teachers and the girls listed first and most frequently were: "interesting conversationalists," "wide range of interests," "sincere," "adaptable," "dependable."

This study, conducted in a more or

less scientific manner, reveals what all of us from our own observation and experience already know. We all react just as these girls and these teachers did to persons having the traits they listed.

MORE vitally important than knowing what qualities make up a pleasing personality, is the problem of improving one's own personality. The first step in an effort to improve is the desire to do so. The next is an analysis of our own characteristics in order to determine our short-comings. The next step is to set up an ideal toward which to build. Every great achievement in the physical, the intellectual, or the spiritual world begins first as a dream, an ideal, a goal. Such studies as the one cited above help to give us a pattern.

For instance, I may discover that I am not an interesting conversationalist. How can I help myself in this direction? I may read more, observe more carefully, meditate over what I have read or seen or experienced in order to have more things to talk about. I can practice telling my family and my friends what I have read, observed, or thought, trying to be as truthful and as graphic as possible.

A GIRL who went to live in a dormitory of one of the large universities of our country, realized that she could not compete with the others there in personal attractiveness, in dress, or in cultural background. She made up her mind, however, that she could become the most interesting conversationalist of the group, and set about to achieve that goal.

She kept her senses alert. Instead of being satisfied, as most of us are, with seeing and hearing things in a blurred sort of way, she looked and listened until she saw and heard clearly, being able to make fine distinctions in colors, shapes, and sounds. When she went down town, or even across the campus, she was constantly on the lookout for something new, something unusual—and she always found it. It might be a humorous situation, or a tragic one, an odd or unusual character, a new tint in the sky at sunset, a spray of leaves or a flower. Whatever it was, she carried its impression vividly in her mind and shared it with her companions. It was not long until she found herself the most popular girl in the dormitory. The students and even the teachers, made it a point to be on hand wherever this girl was because she always had something interesting to talk about.

As with this accomplishment, so with the others. We learn to do by doing, and we learn to be by being. We can become more attractive by consciously taking better care of our health, by giving more attention to our bodies and our clothing. We can cultivate good-fellowship by conscientious efforts to be natural and sincere under all circumstances, by practicing generosity. We can become better neighbors by seeking opportunities to develop loyalty, tolerance, unselfishness, and dependability.

Gradually we may become more pleasing in personality by striving to do the things we admire in others and by trying to be the kind of person we like our friends to be.

THE ATTIC

By Agnes Just Reid

I cleaned up the attic this morning,
That is, I moved things about;
I wasted hours in deciding
Which I had best throw out.

There are boxes and piles and bundles,
Things that I never use,
Yet, things my silly heart says
I cannot burn or abuse.

I went with a resolution
To burn everything in sight,
And leave the room empty and tidy,
Full of order and light.

I picked up a box for the furnace
And something fell out at my feet,
A bunch of letters from Mary
When she was so young and so sweet.

I opened another box firmly
And there lay some tiny shoes,
Shoes that were worn by our first born,
They almost gave me the blues.

And there was a baby's record
I kept with such tender care
For David during those precious years
When every breath was a prayer.

Another one held some purses,
Worn and useless you'd say,
But each one came from a loved one,
How could I throw them away?

And there was a box of wedding things,
Dresses and slips and hose,
Wrinkled and badly out of style
But dear to me, goodness knows.

So I left them all in the attic
Just as I found them there,
Everything old and useless
But not a thing I could spare.

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